

# MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

NEW SERIES, No. LXX.

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OCTOBER, 1832.

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## ON GENIUS.

Addressed to the Author of an Article, entitled "Some Considerations respecting the Comparative Influence of Ancient and Modern Times on the Development of Genius;" and of its continuation, headed, "On the Intellectual Influences of Christianity."

SIR,—You have turned your attention, and that of the readers of the *Monthly Repository*, to a question, with which, if we well consider its significance, none of the controversies which fill the present age with flame and fury is comparable in interest. You have shown that, without being indifferent to politics, you can see a deeper problem in the existing aspect of human affairs, than the adjustment of a ten-pound franchise; and that with no inclination to undervalue the intellect of these "latter days," you do not write it down transcendent because steam-carriages can run twenty-five miles an hour on an iron railway; because little children are taught to march round a room and sing psalms, or because mechanics can read the *Penny Magazine*. You do not look upon man as having attained the perfection of his nature, when he attains the perfection of a wheel's or a pulley's nature, to go well as a part of some vast machine, being in himself nothing. You do not esteem the higher endowments of the intellect and heart to be given by God, or valuable to man, chiefly as means to his obtaining, first, bread; next, beef to his bread; and, as the last felicitous consummation, wine and fine linen. Rather, you seem to consider the wants which point to these bodily necessities or indulgences, as having for their chief use that they call into existence and into exercise those loftier qualities. You judge of man, not by what he does, but by what he is. For, though man is formed for action, and is of no worth further than by virtue of the work which he does; yet (as has been often said, by one of the noblest spirits of our time) the works which most of us are appointed to do on this earth are in themselves little better than trivial and contemptible: the sole thing which is indeed valuable in them, is the *spirit* in which they are done. Nor is this mere mysticism; the most absolute utilitarianism must

come to the same conclusion. If life were aught but a struggle to overcome difficulties; if the multifarious labours of the *durum genus hominum* were performed for us by supernatural agency, and there were no demand for either wisdom or virtue, but barely for stretching out our hands and enjoying, small would be our enjoyment, for there would be nothing which man could any longer prize in man. Even men of pleasure know that the means are often more than the end: the delight of fox-hunting does not consist in catching a fox. Whether, according to the ethical theory we adopt, wisdom and virtue be precious in themselves, or there be nothing precious save happiness, it matters little; while we know that where these higher endowments are not, happiness can never be, even although the purposes for which they might seem to have been given, could, through any mechanical contrivance, be accomplished without them.

To one who believes these truths, and has obtained thus much of insight into what the writer to whom I have already alluded would call "the significance of man's life," it was a fitting inquiry what are really the intellectual characteristics of this age; whether our mental light—let us account for the fact as we may—has not lost in intensity, at least a part of what it has gained in diffusion; whether our "march of intellect" be not rather a march towards doing without intellect, and supplying our deficiency of giants by the united efforts of a constantly increasing multitude of dwarfs. Such, too, is actually the problem which you have proposed. Suffer, then, one who has also much meditated thereon, to represent to you in what points he considers you to have failed in completely solving, and even in adequately conceiving the question.

Have you not misplaced the gist of the inquiry, and confined the discussion within too narrow bounds, by countenancing the opinion which limits the province of genius to the discovery of truths never before known, or the formation of combinations never before imagined? Is not this confounding the mere *accidents* of Genius with its essentials, and determining the order of precedence among minds, not by their powers, but by their opportunities and chances? Is genius any distinct faculty? Is it not rather the very faculty of thought itself? And is not the act of *knowing* anything not directly within the cognizance of our senses (provided we really *know* it, and do not take it upon trust), as truly an exertion of genius, though of a less *degree* of genius, as if the thing had never been known by any one else?

Philosophic genius is said to be the discovery of new truth. But what is new truth? That which has been known a thousand years may be new truth to you or me. There are born into the world every day several hundred thousand human beings, to whom all truth whatever is new truth. What is it to him who was born yesterday, that somebody who was born fifty years ago



knew something? The question is, how *he* is to know it. There is one way; and nobody has ever hit upon more than one—by *discovery*.

There is a language very generally current in the world, which implies that knowledge can be *vicarious*; that when a truth has become known to *any one*, all who follow have nothing to do but passively to receive it; as if one man, by reading or listening, could transport another man's knowledge ready manufactured into his own skull. As well might he try the experiment upon another man's eyesight. Those who have no eyesight of their own, or who are so placed that they cannot conveniently use it, must believe upon trust; they cannot *know*. A man who knows may tell me what he knows, as far as words go, and I may learn to parrot it after him; but if I would *know* it, I must place my mind in the same state in which he has placed his; I must make the thought my own thought; I must verify the fact by my own observation, or by interrogating my own consciousness.

The exceptions and qualifications with which this doctrine must be taken, and which are more apparent than real, will readily present themselves. For example, it will suggest itself at once that the truth of which I am now speaking is *general* truth. To know an *individual* fact may be no exercise of mind at all; merely an exercise of the senses. The sole exercise of mind may have been in bringing the fact sufficiently close for the senses to judge of it; and *that* merit may be peculiar to the first discoverer: there may be talent in finding where the thief is hid, but none at all in being able to see him when found. The same observation applies in a less degree to some *general* truths. To know a general truth is, indeed, always an operation of the *mind*: but some physical truths may be brought to the test of sensation by an experiment so simple, and the conclusiveness of which is so immediately apparent, that the trifling degree of mental power implied in drawing the proper inference from it, is altogether eclipsed by the ingenuity which contrived the experiment, and the sagacious forecast of an undiscovered truth which set that ingenuity to work: qualities, the place of which may now be supplied by mere imitation.

So, again, in a case of mere *reasoning* from assumed premises, as, for instance, in mathematics, the process bears so strong an analogy to a merely mechanical operation, that the first discoverer alone has any real difficulty to contend against; the second may follow the first with very little besides patience and continued attention. But these seeming exceptions do not trench in the least upon the principle which I have ventured to lay down. If the first discovery alone requires genius, it is because the first discovery alone requires any but the simplest and most commonplace exercise of thought. Though genius be no peculiar mental power, but only mental power possessed in a

peculiar degree, what implies no mental power at all, requires to be sure no genius.

But can this be said of the conviction which comes by the comparison and appreciation of numerous and scattered proofs? Can it, above all, be said of the knowledge of supersensual things, of man's mental and moral nature, where the appeal is to internal consciousness and self-observation, or to the experience of our common life interpreted by means of the key which self-knowledge alone can supply? The most important phenomena of human nature cannot even be conceived, except by a mind which has actively studied itself. Believed they may be, but as a blind man believes the existence and properties of colour. To *know* these truths is always to *discover* them. Every one, I suppose, of adult years, who has any capacity of knowledge, can remember the impression which he experienced when he *discovered* some truths which he thought he had known for years before. He had only believed them; they were not the fruits of his own consciousness, or of his own observation; he had taken them upon trust, or he had taken upon trust the premises from which they were inferred. If he had happened to forget them, they had been lost altogether; whereas the truths which we *know* we can discover again and again *ad libitum*.

It is with truths of this order as with the ascent of a mountain. Every person who climbs Mont Blanc exerts the same identical muscles as the first man who reached the summit; all that the first climber can do is to encourage the others and lend them a helping hand. What he has partly saved them the necessity of, is *courage*: it requires less hardihood to attempt to do what somebody has done before. It is an advantage also to have some one to point out the way and stop us when we are going wrong. Though one man cannot *teach* another, one man may *suggest* to another. I may be indebted to my predecessor for setting my own faculties to work; for hinting to me what questions to ask myself, and in what order; but it is not given to one man to *answer* those questions for another. Each person's own reason must work upon the materials afforded by that same person's own experience. Knowledge comes only from within; all that comes from without is but *questioning*, or else it is mere *authority*.

Now, the capacity of extracting the knowledge of general truth from our own consciousness, whether it be by simple *observation*, by that kind of self-observation which is called *imagination*, or by a more complicated process of analysis and induction, is *originality*; and where truth is the result, whoever says Originality says Genius. The man of the greatest philosophic genius does no more than this, evinces no higher faculty; whoever thinks at all, thinks to that extent, originally. Whoever knows anything of his own knowledge, not immediately obvious to the senses, manifests more or less of the same faculty which made a Newton or a Locke,



Whosoever does this same thing systematically—whosoever, to the extent of his opportunity, gets at his convictions by his own faculties, and not by reliance on any other person whatever—that man, in proportion as his conclusions have truth in them, is an *original thinker*, and is, as much as anybody ever was, a *man of genius*; nor matters it though he should never chance to find out anything which somebody had not found out before him. There may be no hidden truths left for him to find, or he may accidentally miss them; but if he have courage and opportunity he *can* find hidden truths; for he has found all those which he knows, many of which were as hidden to *him* as those which are still unknown.

If the genius which *discovers* is no peculiar faculty, neither is the genius which *creates*. It was genius which produced the Prometheus Vincetus, the Oration on the Crown, the Minerva, or the Transfiguration; and is it not genius which *comprehends* them? Without genius, a work of genius may be *felt*, but it cannot possibly be understood.

The property which distinguishes every work of genius in poetry and art from incoherency and vain caprice is, that it is *one, harmonious*, and a *whole*: that its parts are connected together as standing in a common relation to some leading and central idea or purpose. This idea or purpose it is not possible to extract from the work by any mechanical rules. To transport ourselves from the point of view of a spectator or reader, to that of the poet or artist himself, and from that central point to look round and see how the details of the work all conspire to the same end, all contribute to body forth the same general conception, is an exercise of the same powers of imagination, abstraction, and discrimination (though in an inferior degree) which would have enabled ourselves to produce the selfsame work. Do we not accordingly see that as much genius is often displayed in explaining the design and bringing out the hidden significance of a work of art, as in creating it? I have sometimes thought that *conceptive* genius is, in certain cases, even a higher faculty than *creative*. From the data afforded by a person's conversation and life, to frame a connected outline of the inward structure of that person's mind, so as to know and feel what the man is, and how life and the world paint themselves to his conceptions; still more to decipher in that same manner the mind of an age or a nation, and gain from history or travelling a vivid conception of the mind of a Greek or Roman, a Spanish peasant, an American, or a Hindu, is an effort of genius, superior, I must needs believe, to any which was ever shown in the creation of a fictitious character, inasmuch as the imagination is limited by a particular set of conditions, instead of ranging at pleasure within the bounds of human nature.

If there be truth in the principle which the foregoing remarks are intended to illustrate, there is ground for considerable objection to the course of argument which you have adopted in the



article which gave occasion to the present letter. You argue, throughout, on the obstacles which oppose the growth and manifestation of genius, as if the future discoverer had to travel to the extreme verge of the ground already rescued from the dominion of doubt and mystery, before he can find any scope for the faculty thereafter to be developed in him,—as if he had first to learn all that has already been known, and then to commence an entirely new series of intellectual operations in order to enlarge the field of human knowledge. Now I conceive, on the contrary, that the career of the discoverer is only the career of the learner, carried on into untrodden ground; and that he has only to continue to do exactly what he ought to have been doing from the first, what he *has* been doing if he be really qualified to be a discoverer. You might, therefore, have spared yourself the inquiry, whether new truths, in as great abundance as ever, are within reach, and whether the approach to them is longer and more difficult than heretofore. According to my view, genius stands not in need of access to new truths, but is always where knowledge is, being itself nothing but a mind with capacity to know. There will be as much room and as much necessity for genius when mankind shall have found out everything attainable by their faculties, as there is now; it will still remain to distinguish the man who knows from the man who takes upon trust—the man who can feel and understand truth, from the man who merely assents to it, the active from the merely passive mind. Nor needs genius be a rare gift bestowed on few. By the aid of suitable culture all might possess it, although in unequal degrees.

The question, then, of ‘the comparative influence of ancient and modern times on the development of genius,’ is a simpler, yet a larger and more commanding question, than you seem to have supposed. It is no other than this: have the moderns, or the ancients, made most use of the faculty of thought, and which of the two have cultivated it the most highly? Did the ancients *think* and find out for themselves what they ought to believe and to do, taking nothing for granted?—and do the moderns, in comparison, merely *remember* and *imitate*, believing either nothing, or what is told them, and doing either nothing, or what is set down for them?

To this great question I am hardly able to determine whether you have said aye or no. You are pleading for the moderns against those who place the ancients above them, for civilization and refinement against the charge of being impediments to genius; yet you seem incidentally to admit that inferiority in the higher endowments, which it appeared to be your object to disprove. Your only salvo for the admission is, that, if the fact be so, it must be our own fault. Assuredly it is always our own fault. It is just as possible to be a great man now as it ever was, would but any one try. But that does not explain why we do not try, and why others, mere men like ourselves, *did*; any more than we can

explain why the Turks are not as good sailors as the English, by saying that it is all their own fault.

I cannot say that I think you have much advanced the question by terminating where you do. If you were writing to Pagans, it might have been to the purpose to tell them that they would find in Christianity a corrective to their faults and ills; or if we had been superior to the ancients instead of inferior, as in numerous other respects we really are, Christianity might have been assigned as the cause. But to refer us to Christianity as the fountain of intellectual vigour, in explanation of our having fallen off in intellectual vigour since we embraced Christianity, will scarcely be satisfactory. In proportion as our religion gives us an advantage over our predecessors, must an inferiority to them be the more manifest if we have fallen below them after all. If genius, as well as other blessings, be among the natural fruits of Christianity, there must be some reason why Christianity has been our faith for 1500 years, without our having yet begun to reap this benefit. The important question to have resolved would have been, what is the obstacle? The solution of this difficulty I have sought in vain from your two articles—permit me now to seek it from yourself.

I complain of what you have omitted, rather than of what you have said. I have found in your general observations much that is *true*, much that is wise, and eternally profitable to myself and to all men. The fact which you announce, of the intimate connexion of intellectual with moral greatness, of all soundness and comprehensiveness of intellect with the sublime impartiality resulting from an ever-present and overruling attachment to duty and to truth, is deeply momentous; and, though many have known it heretofore, you also speak as one who knows it,—who therefore has discovered it in himself. It is as true now as it was of yore, that 'the righteousness of the righteous man guideth his steps.' But Christianity, since it first visited the earth, has made many righteous men according to their lights, many in whom the spiritual part prevailed as far as is given to man over the animal and worldly, yet we have not proportionally abounded in men of genius.

There must, then, be some defect in our mental training, which has prevented us from turning either Christianity or our other opportunities to the account we might. Christianity, and much else, cannot have been so taught or so learnt as to make us thinking beings. Is it not that these things have *only* been taught and learnt, but have *not* been *known*?—that the truths which we have inherited still remain traditional, and no one among us, except here and there a man of genius, has made them truly his own?

The ancients, in this particular, were very differently circumstanced. When the range of human experience was still narrow



—when, as yet, few facts had been observed and recorded, and there was nothing or but little to learn by rote, those who had curiosity to gratify, or who desired to acquaint themselves with nature and life, were fain to look into things, and not pay themselves with opinions; to see the objects themselves, and not their mere images reflected from the minds of those who had formerly seen them. Education *then* consisted not in giving what is called knowledge, that is, grinding down other men's ideas to a convenient size, and administering them in the form of *cram*—it was a series of exercises to form the thinking faculty itself, that the mind, being active and vigorous, might go forth and know.

Such was the education of Greece and Rome, especially Greece. Her philosophers were not formed, nor did they form their scholars, by placing a suit of ready-made truths before them, and helping them to put it on. They helped the disciple to form to himself an intellect fitted to seek truth for itself and to find it. No Greek or Roman schoolboy learnt anything by rote, unless it were verses of Homer or songs in honour of the gods. Modern superciliousness and superficiality have treated the disputations of the sophists as they have those of the schoolmen, with unbounded contempt: the contempt would be better bestowed on the tuition of Eton or Westminster. Those disputations were a kind of mental gymnastics, eminently conducive to acuteness in detecting fallacies; consistency and circumspection in tracing a principle to its consequences; and a faculty of penetrating and searching analysis. They became ridiculous only when, like all other successful systems, they were imitated by persons incapable of entering into their spirit, and degenerated into foppery and *charlatanerie*. With powers thus formed, and no possibility of parroting where there was scarcely anything to parrot, what a man knew was his own, got at by using his own senses or his own reason; and every new acquisition strengthened the powers, by the exercise of which it had been gained.

Nor must we forget to notice the fact to which you have yourself alluded, that the life of a Greek was a perpetual conflict of adverse intellects, struggling with each other, or struggling with difficulty and necessity. Every man had to play his part upon a stage where *cram* was of no use—nothing but genuine *power* would serve his turn. The studies of the closet were combined with, and were intended as, a preparation for the pursuits of active life. There was no *littérature des salons*, no dilettantism in ancient Greece: wisdom was not something to be prattled about, but something to be done. It was this which, during the bright days of Greece, prevented theory from degenerating into vain and idle refinements, and produced that rare combination which distinguishes the great minds of that glorious people,—of profound speculation, and business-like matter-of-fact common sense. It was not the least of the effects of this union of theory



and practice, that in the good times of Greece there is no vestige of anything like sentimentality. Bred to action, and passing their lives in the midst of it, all the speculations of the Greeks were for the sake of action, all their conceptions of excellence had a direct reference to it.

This was the education to form great statesmen, great orators, great warriors, great poets, great architects, great sculptors, great philosophers; because, once for all, it formed *men*, and not mere knowledge-boxes; and the men, being men, had minds, and could apply them to the work, whatever it might be, which circumstances had given them to perform. But this lasted not long: demolishing the comparatively weak attempts of their predecessors, two vast intellects arose, the one the greatest observer of his own or any age, the other the greatest dialectician, and both almost unrivalled in their powers of metaphysical analysis,—Aristotle and Plato. No sooner, by the exertions of these gigantic minds, and of others their disciples or rivals, was a considerable body of truth, or at least of opinion, got together—no sooner did it become *possible* by mere memory to seem to know something, and to be able for some purposes even to use that knowledge, as men use the rules of arithmetic who have not the slightest notion of the grounds of them, than men found out how much easier it is to remember than to think, and abandoned the pursuit of intellectual power itself for the attempt, without possessing it, to appropriate its results. Even the reverence which mankind had for these great men became a hinderance to following their example. Nature was studied not in nature, but in Plato or Aristotle, in Zeno or Epicurus. Discussion became the mere rehearsal of a lesson got by rote. The attempt to think for oneself fell into disuse; and, by ceasing to exercise the power, mankind ceased to possess it.

It was in this spirit that, on the rise of Christianity, the doctrines and precepts of Scripture began to be studied. For this there was somewhat greater excuse, as, where the authority was that of the Omniscient, the confirmation of fallible reason might appear less necessary. Yet the effect was fatal. The interpretation of the Gospel was handed over to grammarians and language-grinders. The words of him whose speech was in figures and parables were iron-bound and petrified into inanimate and inflexible *formulæ*. Jesus was likened to a logician, framing a rule to meet all cases, and provide against all possible evasions, instead of a poet, orator, and *vates*, whose object was to purify and spiritualize the mind, so that, under the guidance of its purity, its own lights might suffice to find the law of which he only supplied the spirit, and suggested the general scope. Hence, out of the least dogmatical of books, have been generated so many dogmatical religions—each claiming to be found in the book, and none in the mind of man; they are above

thought, and thought is to have nothing to do with them; until religion, instead of a spirit pervading the mind, becomes a crust encircling it, nowise penetrating the obdurate mass within, but only keeping out such rays of precious light or genial heat as might haply have come from elsewhere.

And after all which has been done to break down these vitiating, soul-debasing prejudices, against which every great mind of the last two centuries has protested, where are we now? Are not the very first general propositions that are presented for a child's acceptance, theological dogmas, presented not as truths believed by others, and which the child will hereafter be encouraged to know for itself, but as doctrines which it is to believe before it can attach any meaning to them, or be chargeable with the greatest guilt? At school, what is the child taught, except to repeat by rote, or at most to apply technical rules, which are lodged, not in his reason, but in his memory? When he leaves school, does not everything which a young person sees and hears conspire to tell him, that it is not expected he shall think, but only that he shall profess no opinion on any subject different from that professed by other people? Is there anything a man can do, short of swindling or forgery, (*à fortiori* a woman,) which will so surely gain him the reputation of a dangerous, or, at least, an unaccountable person, as daring, without either rank or reputation as a warrant for the eccentricity, to make a practice of forming his opinions for himself?

Modern education is all *cram*—Latin cram, mathematical cram, literary cram, political cram, theological cram, moral cram. The world already knows everything, and has only to tell it to its children, who, on their part, have only to hear, and lay it to rote (not to *heart*). Any purpose, any idea of training the mind itself, has gone out of the world. Nor can I yet perceive many symptoms of amendment. Those who dislike what is taught, mostly—if I may trust my own experience—dislike it not for being *cram*, but for being other people's cram, and not theirs. Were they the teachers, they would teach different doctrines, but they would teach them *as* doctrines, not as subjects for impartial inquiry. Those studies which only train the faculties, and produce no fruits obvious to the sense, are fallen into neglect. The most valuable kind of mental gymnastics, logic and metaphysics, have been more neglected and undervalued for the last thirty years, than at any time since the revival of letters. Even the ancient languages, which, when rationally taught, are, from their regular and complicated structure, to a certain extent a lesson of logical classification and analysis, and which give access to a literature more rich than any other, in all that forms a vigorous intellect and a manly character, are insensibly falling into disrepute as a branch of liberal education. Instead of them, we are getting the ready current coin of modern languages, and physical



science taught empirically, by committing to memory its results. Whatever assists in feeding the body, we can see the use of; not so if it serves the body only by forming the mind.

Is it any wonder that, thus educated, we should decline in genius? That the ten centuries of England or France cannot produce as many illustrious names as the hundred and fifty years of little Greece? The wonder is, that we should have produced so many as we have, amidst such adverse circumstances. We have had some true philosophers, and a few genuine poets; two or three great intellects have revolutionized physical science; but in almost every branch of literature and art we are deplorably behind the earlier ages of the world. In art, we hardly attempt anything except spoiled copies of antiquity and the middle ages. We are content to copy them, because that requires less trouble and less cultivated faculties than to comprehend them. If we had genius to enter into the *spirit* of ancient art, the same genius would enable us to clothe that spirit in ever-new forms.

Where, then, is the remedy? It is in the knowledge and clear comprehension of the evil. It is in the distinct recognition, that the end of education is not to *teach*, but to fit the mind for learning from its own consciousness and observation; that we have occasion for this power under ever-varying circumstances, for which no routine or rule of thumb can possibly make provision. As the memory is trained by remembering, so is the reasoning power by reasoning; the imaginative by imagining; the analytic by analysing; the inventive by finding out. Let the education of the mind consist in calling out and exercising these faculties: never trouble yourself about giving knowledge—train the *mind*—keep it supplied with materials, and knowledge will come of itself. Let all *cram* be ruthlessly discarded. Let each person be made to feel that in other things he may believe upon trust—if he find a trustworthy authority—but that in the line of his peculiar duty, and in the line of the duties common to all men, it is his business to *know*. Let the feelings of society cease to stigmatize independent thinking, and divide its censure between a lazy dereliction of the duty and privilege of thought, and the overweening self-conceit of a half-thinker, who rushes to his conclusions without taking the trouble to understand the thoughts of other men. Were all this done, there would be no complaint of any want of genius in modern times. But when will that hour come? Though it come not at all, yet is it not less your duty and mine to strive for it,—and first to do what is certainly and absolutely in our power, to realize it in our own persons.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ANTIQUUS.



## AUTUMN IN LONDON.

STAY in London all the autumn? Yes, why not? Especially when one must. As Arria said to Pætus, 'It is not painful.' There are many worse destinies in the world. It is hotter for the negroes in Demerara, even when they work without whipping. It is lonelier on the plains of Egypt, besides the chance of breaking one's neck by a fall from the top of a pyramid which had been climbed to look out for something or somebody in the distance. Out of the nettle, danger, Hotspur could pluck the flower, safety; so, out of this great metropolitan hothouse, one may surely gather some fruit of pleasure; there should be wall-fruit at any rate. And what is all this nonsense about loneliness? What is there in this cant phrase of everybody's being out of town? Who is the 'everybody' that is gone? Chiefly the everybody that lives in idleness; the painted lilies of society, 'that toil not, neither do they spin,' and that are not to be compared, even in their natural emblems, with the lowlier and more useful classes, the down-trodden violets, that send their pure perfume into the innermost sense, and the loaded and bending grain, 'that maketh glad the heart of man.' Some thousands of idlers are gone; but all that is serious, and earnest, and laborious, and productive, and important, and mighty in humanity, is here still. The million is not gone. Looms are at work, steam-engines are at work, printing-presses are at work, brains are at work,—eyes, hands, and feet, all are employed: the autumn breeze has only blown away into the fields the light feather from Humanity's cap. From a few streets and squares at the west, you may miss the carriages of the absentees; but themselves you miss not. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does London! The Thames flows not with a more full and unbroken current than the tide of her population; that flood is never at an ebb. Ever its multitudinous billows are rolling on and bearing their freight of power, wealth and pleasure—that freight which, if lashed into a storm by a wind too boisterous, they perchance some day may swallow, but which, if gently breathed upon, and brightly shone upon, they will still bear in peaceful order, giving and receiving beauty by the combination. The people are always in London;—the people, whom the philosopher studies,—the people, whom the philanthropist loves,—the people, for whom the legislator should plan,—the people, for whom the schoolmaster is abroad, and in whose dwellings religion should be at home: and are they, with all their diversities of lot,—with all their capabilities of reason and of passion,—with all their influence on the world's condition, history, and destiny, are they to pass for nothing?

Is London empty because it is only full of human souls and bodies, minds and hearts; of men, women, and children, who

think and feel, love and hate, suffer and enjoy, live, die, and pass into eternity? Why, these are they for whom the greatest of mankind exist,—to whom earth's master-spirits are but ministering spirits, sent forth to minister by the divinity, which made them great by breathing into their souls some portion of its own intelligence and love. It is but the emptiness that is gone; the fullness remains. True, they remain involuntarily: with their good will, some tens of thousands of them would ramble too. They are 'in the populous city pent.' They are chained to the oar, which they must pull unceasingly; they are serfs affixed to the soil. And what are we all? The difference is only that of a shorter or a longer tether; and the most excursive most feel that they are closely tied. It is not true that 'we drag at each remove a *lengthening* chain;' it pulls continually; and if we go from Italy to Greece, and from Greece to Egypt, it is but that we stretch another link or two beyond what others may. We can soon go round the world; and then there is nothing left for it, but to go round the world again, and again, till we are tired. What is the earth itself, to a wandering mind? It is but as a little larger London; having, it is true, many noble piles and deep dells, and winding and variegated roads; but they are bounded all; and if the operative cannot domesticate at Scarborough, and sojourn in Rome, and reach Constantinople, neither can the wealthiest poet refresh his wandering spirit beneath the mountains of the moon, nor run the round of Saturn's ring, nor inhale the brightness of Arcturus, nor deftly guide his bark between the Pleiades that cluster in a bluer ocean, and are fairer than the isles of Greece. It is but a poor and pitiful little farm on which we are the serfs, beyond whose close hedge-rows we may not wander, and where we can form but dim notions of the kingdoms which we know are beyond, with all their pomp and glory. Not even a Satan comes to take us up aloft, and give us a tempting sight of those vast and splendid regions; though in dark days of superstition there were men with such a burning thirst of knowledge, such an intolerance of the narrow circumscription of their horizon, that, for one such glance, they would willingly have sold him their immortal souls. Begone, then, as far as ye may, ye vagrant few; I will remain with the many who must not move at all;—knowing that your utmost scope is but that of a somewhat larger cage, whose very size only makes you the more beat against the bars, until we all come alike to the common chorus of the starling—'I can't get out, I can't get out.'

There is no place like London for conveying the abstract notion of *the people* from the understanding to the imagination, and even to the senses. We may there see that power, which patriots have worshipped, to which they have devoted themselves, and for which they have died, in its invisibility. He who has never seen a multitude, knows nothing of the sublime,



There are no masses of matter, whatever be their forms, that can compare with acres of human vitality, intelligence, and feeling. That is the true scenery for the eye of painter or of poet, of actor, preacher, orator, or statesman. Individual man may be but a poor creature: there may be a want of dignity, meaning, and power, in such collections of people as may be brought together in other localities of the empire; but a London multitude always partakes of the sublime, in church or theatre, in meeting, mart, or festival. With all the raggedness and wretchedness, with all the ignorance and vice, which abound here, there is yet so much of intelligence generally diffused; so much openness, in large assemblies especially, of heart and mind, to the great principles of truth and morals, as to render a London multitude the fittest means for conveying to the imagination that mixed idea of majesty and dependence; that mingled feeling which does reverence to the very object that it is zealous to serve, which constitutes the inspiration of patriotism and philanthropy. None ever yet devoted themselves to the improvement of mankind, who did not reverence mankind. It is vain for us to talk of ameliorating the condition of the great mass of the community without that vivid conception which is best produced by the presence of a multitude upon the senses, the imagination, and the feelings. Nor is this vacating of London by the distinguished few anything like so general as it is conventionally assumed to be. The exceptions would make in any other city a splendid generality. The gleanings of the forsaken field are richer than many harvests. There are always men in London, an hour of whom would be worth a journey from the Antipodes. Did not John Milton abide in that small house in Bunhill-row, all through the hottest months; and was it not there that he dictated his amaranthine verses; and did he not declare that his poetical vein ever flowed most freely after the autumnal equinox? Have not all great poets, moralists, and critics, been city men? There have they studied and practised the essentials of their high vocation, gaining from the country only its recreations and adornments. However addicted occasionally to a silent meditative ramble in the fields, yet habitually, now as of old, 'Wisdom standeth and crieth aloud in the streets.' Even a Lake poet that feeleth no inspiration in London is false to his allegiance, and followeth not his leader. His own mountain echoes never heard the sonorous voice of Wordsworth rolling out in richer melody than when its homage was chanted on that still morning to the 'mighty heart' of London, in one of those everlasting sonnets which Milton himself might have dictated: to say nothing of many 'stray gifts,' benedictions on street, square, and river, which tell of the bard's 'whereabout' in the vainly despised 'land of cockney.' Why, then, should autumn be struck out from the list of London seasons? The spirit surely may rest and



be refreshed with the feast which genius hath spread, in the time and in the place in which it was provided.

And there are those in London whom no autumnal heats will ever banish. The dead remain. No birds of passage they, but faithful to the old town. Let 'the general camp, pioneers and all,' beat a march and shift quarters, they would yet garrison the city of centuries with their awful presence. No trumpet-call will they answer, till it shall be blown by an archangel. It would be something for London to be literally emptied of its living population that we might for once, undisturbedly, feel the presence of the dead. Talk of our multitudes, indeed; the dead are 'the masses and the millions.' Here Britons with Romans have commingled; and Dane and Saxon dust have blended, and become again incorporate together. Here are knights that raised their war-cry in Palestine, and prentices that shouted 'clubs' in Fleet-street. All ranks are here, all parties, and all churches. There can scarcely be an atom of dust fixed beneath our feet, or whirling in the air, that did not once possess vitality; that has not, again and again, been drawn within the magic circle of human organization. If consciousness, once possessed, were eternal in each particle, what an infinitude of life were here. Who could bear that ceaseless contact of thought and sense? Matter would then be spirit. The supposition makes one feel what unmeaning words we use when we talk of the omnipresence of God. Wild as it is, it helps towards a conception of sober and sacred truth. The dead dust all around us, and the living dust of our own frames, are alike monumental. '*Fuimus Troes.*' We are moulded of old metal that has been oftentimes recast. Not an atom of our bodies but some Cavalier or Roundhead, some Catholic priest or Celtic Druid, some lord or vassal of feudal or heptarchal, of Plantagenet or Norman days, might start up and say, 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may be slave to thousands.' The dead are the immense majority. It makes little difference to their numerical superiority over all other Londoners who goes or stays. 'Infinity minus A,' says one of them, 'is equal to infinity plus A.' We shall all desert to their party. 'The cry is still they come.' That journey those who stay are ever taking. He whom Captain Bain refuses because he cannot pay his fare, shall have free passage with Captain Charon. He turns none back for their penny now, for he pities the distresses of the time; nor makes inquisition into their burial, for he knows the hospitals must be supplied. And so it is with him who keeps the keys of paradise; his occupation were gone but that he fulfilled it gratis; for Peter's pence have travelled the route that Irish tithes must follow. Autumn shakes down leaves in the country, but in London—men. Look at the mighty heap to which they are gathered: there is the base in hell and the head in heaven, and it beats Mont Blanc—'the monarch of mountains.' While the busy are minding their busi-

ness, as they do at all seasons, it is as well to stay while the idle flit, that we may the more quietly 'see this great sight;' evoke the spirits of the dead to hold communion with them, and tax them to tell us more of the mysteries of our nature and our destiny.

Whomsoever autumn may drive away from London, London itself is left; and that is a goodly portion to leave to the deserted. A metaphysician talked of the mind's containing nothing but itself; were that the case with London, it would yet be a 'measureless content.' What the Scotch call 'self-containing houses' always let high at Edinburgh, and London can never be despised while it is a self-containing city. Is it not pleasant to stand on Ben Arthur, and tell the old story of some Duke of Argyle, who travelled in search of the picturesque, and was told by an Italian that the finest of all views was that from his own forsaken mountain? He knows not what scenery is, who cannot find it in London. Let him hunt where he likes, he will never catch it. 'The earth will say, it is not in me; and the sea will say, it is not in me;' and they will both mean that it is not in him. It is the sight and the sense that are wanting. Let him take 'Hughson's Walks in London' for the guide-book of his next tour, and do them regularly, one every day; let him go round Regent's Park, across to Bayswater, through Kensington Gardens, up Oxford-street, along Regent-street to the Quadrant, then by Waterloo-place, and through the Green Park to Hyde Park corner; let him stand on the bridges, any one of them; and get into Southwark on purpose to come on the iron bridge at that end; let him look up at St. Paul's from the bottom of Ludgate-hill, when there are mountains of black clouds and a bright full moon besides; him look at the Abbey anywhere and any when; let him take a boat, and go down the river, and then come up the river. No scenery, indeed! but there would be, though; and the stage direction for it should be—*Scene, a splendid city with temples, towers, palaces, and a majestic river; enter a blind Soul, and exit hastily.* There are some fine old chestnuts at Kensington, close by the bridge (stand on that too, and look both ways), whose embossed and fretted trunks seem wrought by nature as a triumphant challenge to human architect and sculptor. We know what trees are; we have seen oaks in the New Forest which waved their branches in the Conqueror's days, and others whose limbs were clubs for Hercules; we have seen the ash upon the mountain side, gracefully bending in the blast, and have stretched ourselves in the shade and gathered woodruffe beneath the birks of Abergeldy; but fitter pillars than these chestnuts for the gates of paradise we never saw. Now do not say all these are fixtures; we shall find them when we return. These are not what people live in London for, or think to look at; they are independent of fashion; they are in addition to the unfathomable stores of art, and history, and science treasured here. We ourselves might not have seen them



all but for being condemned by some vexatious business to solitary confinement in London for the space of one calendar autumn: so we took to the streets as a sort of tread-mill. But those chestnuts will not be the same in the winter, the summer, or the spring; and they are part and parcel of London. It is a leaden blunder to suppose that autumn makes no difference in, or rather on, London. Autumn must have its peculiar beauties here as everywhere else, as long as autumnal suns and autumnal moons are better than other suns and other moons, which they always have been since the world began. Adam, the Rabbins say, was created in autumn, no doubt that the world might be looking its best when he was introduced to it, and even the fruits of Eden be shining with a mellow lustre, and the cheek of Eve be tinted with a richer bloom. There is a ripeness in autumnal sunbeams—there is a richness in their reflection from marble dome or lofty spire, or flowing stream, which the light of other seasons lacks. And then the moon—no countryman, whatever be his country, Welshman, Cumberlander, or Scotch Highlander—no traveller wherever he has wandered, or mariner pacing the lonely deck and looking up to the midnight sky from amongst the waves of the wide Atlantic—no Syrian shepherds watching their flocks by night, or older Chaldeans reading the starry book of fate, ever saw so vast and broad, and massive, so rich a globe of gold, so near, and so portentous in its awful loveliness, as the full autumnal moon that looms through a London atmosphere. It repays the penalty of the thickened air to which we owe this beauty; we could not have it without our coal-fire exhalations; we smoke for it; but as only Thames water can generate the true London porter, the finest beverage on earth, so the most perfect loveliness and grandeur of a full rising moon can only be manufactured in the murky air of London.

There is another of nature's perfections, and one to which sun and moon and the twelve stars would, if they had eyes and ears, do obeisance, as they did in Joseph's dream, which is only to be seen during a London autumn—we mean Miss Kelly. To leave London can never be called running away from the artificial to the natural while she is here. There is nature enough in her to counterpoise all the artificiality of the whole metropolis. The English Opera, when she is in it, ought to be called an oratorio, that William Wilberforce might go and smile and weep with a sound conscience, and find it 'practical religion,' as she illustrates some text out of the human bosom with all her own unpretending and unrivalled power and pathos.

If it be insisted upon that hill and valley, tree and stream, are essential to scenery, and to the existence of man, as endowed with a rational soul and body, through the autumn, we still say that all this may be had in London, and that, too, in beauty and abundance. For is not Richmond in London, with its Tempé

vale?—and Hampton Court, with its stately avenue?—and Hampstead, with its breezy heath?—and Woodford, with its tangled glades?—and the wooded hills of Surrey? All this, and much more, is in London,—in it more truly than ever the people were in the House of Commons, or will be even under the amended representation of the Reform Bill. It is but an hour or two, and then you are in country, real country, free of all city sights and sounds,—alone in green pasture or bowery lane, or on a sunny hill-side looking down on the reapers in a corn-field, or in the shade of a village church thinking it a strangeness and a pity that Gray did not leave it you for to write the ‘Elegy.’

The best scenery is but *suggestive*. The enjoyment of it arises, not from what it is in itself, but from what it excites in the mind. Its power is simply in calling up rich trains of associations in the spectator; and he whose mind is well stored and well exercised needs never be destitute of the external, material, suggestive object, not through the dreariest days of a London autumn. Was not the best descriptive poem of modern days, the most rustically poetical and pictorially faithful, written *on a Sofa*? Those thronging passengers, and the very coaches and steam-boats to which they are hurrying, excite a vivid picture of all the loveliness on which they are eager to gaze, and surround the imagination in a moment with a peristrepthic panorama. ‘A boat for the James Watt!’ Yes, happy soul, you will see the sun rise to-morrow blazing through the time-cleft walls of Bamborough Castle; and glittering white in its beams will be the Percy pillar on the Cheviot hills; and Holy Isle below will be the vignette of the volume that is before you: and you shall come to Wolf’s Craig and St. Abb’s Head, and the Bass and North Berwick Law shall be to you no pillars of Hercules; but on shall you go till the setting sun sinks lingeringly from the loveliest of cities, and Arthur’s lion slumbers in the twilight. You shall see them then; I see them now. And there drives a stage that, in twelve hours, will be deep in the depths of the New Forest, and dark in its shadows; the billowy tree-tops of that infinite green ocean will be heaving around, and the scattered light will be playing more fantastically and gracefully among the stems and leaves than ever it did amid the pillars of the coral caves. Yon ‘bit of bunting,’ as Canning insolently called it, the striped and starry banner that floats from a mast in the river, unabashed by the royal standard near,—O! that is a flag under which fancy has already crossed the Atlantic; it has made visible the majesty of the Hudson, and audible the thunders of Niagara. And there he goes: the very Egyptian boy who last night sang to me the strain of the Muezzin, when from the minaret he calls to prayer, till every mosque in Cairo was distinctly visible. Old Father Nile

*W. D. Archibald of Dublin. London. Fellow.*  
*\* Thoughts on Secondary Positionments, in a Letter to Earl Grey. By Richard*



came flowing to our feet, and around us gathered in mystic circle the sphinxes of Karnac and of Luxor.

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[*Private.*—Dear Mr. Editor, I send you what I have written of the article I promised; I cannot now finish it, for the affair which kept me here is happily disposed of, and in twenty minutes I shall be galloping towards where one may see, and feel, and enjoy—‘God made the country, but man made the town.’—Farewell.]

#### SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS\*.

As we grow older we grow wiser;—we British, like all the rest of the world. It is true, we are not so wise in the matter to which this book relates as we thought ourselves a good many years ago; but the having found this out, is in itself an advance. A good many years ago, we thought we had discovered the best possible mode of punishing criminals. We were mistaken there; we do not yet know the best; but we have clearly made out what is the very worst. We have only to try again, as Dr. Whately tells us, and we shall be sure to do better; for it is not possible for so rich a variety of mischiefs to attend any other species of punishment as have been brought upon us by the establishment of penal colonies. He bids us not waste our time in deliberating about the comparative merit of various penitentiary plans. Let us try any,—all,—rather than delay the abolition of our transportation system: anything will prove better than that; and it will be wiser to learn what is really best by making trial of several plans, than to philosophize idly while the worst system of all is accumulating evils upon us every day.

‘In the present state of our knowledge,’ he says, ‘it would perhaps be our wisest and safest course to establish, in different places, *several* penitentiaries on different plans, such as may seem to have the most to recommend them; and after a trial of a few years to introduce modifications as experience shall suggest, and remodel the less successful on the pattern of those which may be found to answer their purpose better. I do not, of course, mean that we should try experiments at random, or adopt every suggestion of the wildest theorists: but if we made trial of those plans in favour of which sound reasons could be offered, and were careful to guard in every case against such errors as might plainly be shown to be such, and to tend towards the defeat of our object, there can be little doubt that, in the course of a very few years, we should be enabled by attentive observation to ascertain what system worked best. And we may rest assured that none could be more exceptionable than the existing system of transportation.’

\* Thoughts on Secondary Punishments, in a Letter to Earl Grey. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. Fellowes.

Never, indeed, was there a more humiliating failure of an aim,—never a more complete reverse of all anticipated results. Never were high expectations of public benefit met by a more blank disappointment.

Transportation must, it was thought, be the best of all possible secondary punishments, because it removes the offender as effectually as the rope and scaffold. It further secures society against aggression by the warning afforded of the horrors of banishment accompanied with restraint and hard labour. It tends to the reformation of the offender by opening to him a way of return to character and comfort by good conduct. It will be the best boon that can be conferred on Australia, where labour is the one thing needed. Finally, it will be an economical way of disposing of our criminals, since their labour will go far towards repaying their expenses.

Instead, however, of the criminal being effectually removed, he remains as great a pest to society as if he had continued at large. Some return to their old haunts—the men by working their way on ship-board, the women by prostitution. Others form a part of Australian society; during their term of punishment, as servants; after it, as settlers. In both positions they can drink, game, rob, and spread the infection of every kind of vice as potentially as in England.

Instead of the contemplated warning, a very enticing example is held out by this punishment. Some,—it matters not how many,—convicts have found their sentence of exile a passport to prosperity. Since it is known in England that one thief has built himself a mansion near Sydney; that another keeps his carriage; that a third sends over money to the mistress she robbed, and with it an offer of patronage in case of the said mistress being persuaded to come over and settle; that others are prosperous farmers and wood-growers, and many more living a wild life of hunting and debauchery in the woods and plains,—since it is a fact that persons here have committed crimes, in order to get a free passage to New South Wales, all hope of making transportation formidable is over.

As to the reformation of the offender, what mode of treatment can be less likely to effect it than an alternation of tyranny and impunity? To be scouted and flogged by a tyrannical settler in the morning, and paid high for extra labour at night, is not the best way of being disciplined into virtue. To be hankering between escaping into the bush, to seize black wives and knock their husbands on the head, and remaining with the hope of growing rich and cutting a dash in the colony, is to be very ill-disposed for repentance. It matters not how few run away, and how few cut a dash—some have done both; and while there is a possibility of doing the same, either is thought preferable to the dull work of reformation; and whatever impediments arise;



whatever watchfulness of discipline ; whatever restraints, stripes, or passages of ill-luck, are growled at as so many injuries, and excite fresh tumults of dark passions. Thus is the bondage of sin aggravated by the mismanagement of the external bondage.

Instead of convict-importation being a boon to Australia, it is the most fearful curse which any country has ever dared to inflict on any other country. It is true there have been panics from time to time among the settlers, lest Great Britain should be growing moral, lest the transportation of offenders should by any means be stopped : but this only shows the extent of the evil wrought there, instead of disproving its existence. As long as the colony has the fruit of the body, she cares not for the sin of the soul. She wants labour, and as long as she has it she cares not by whom it is yielded, whether by mocking imps in human shape, or by captives spirit-broken with remorse. Can there be a stronger proof of our iniquity in selecting a portion of God's earth to be the nursery of crime, the spot where guilt and misery may be so fostered as that they may speedily travel abroad, and make a hell of every place which has relations with their special abode? Was anything so daring ever done as establishing a depôt of vice? not a place where it is to be first imprisoned and then buried, but whence it is to be issued after an incessant reproduction and multiplication. How much there is of piety, justice, and charity in such a scheme, each may determine for himself.

As long as the mere transportation of each individual costs from 25*l.* to 35*l.*, besides the expenses of an establishment of civil and military officers and troops, it is plain that a mode of punishment more burdensome to the public in a pecuniary point of view could not be adopted.

It will be seen that Dr. Whately has a goodly amount of sound argument on his side: his mode of handling it is equally sound. As one of the nation's spiritual guardians, he feels it to be his duty to remonstrate against an institution which is found to create more vice and misery than it was expected to cure ; and his exposition is marked by the good sense, and his remonstrance is conducted with the dignified and benevolent feeling which render all his writings acceptable to the friends of truth and humanity.

In his Appendix are embodied most of the extraordinary revelations which have been made of the workings of the penal-colony system. There is no need to go to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments for wonders in these days of extensive publication of evidence. Evidence is now the true depository of the marvellous. May it prove—it certainly will prove—the source of the morally sublime. We look forward with dim and anxious solicitude, to discern what will spring out of the work before us, and others of the same class, that may tend to the moral amelioration and repose of society.

## ON THE STUDY OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.\*

THE object of this work is to give the opinions, arguments, and doctrines of the Apostle in such a manner as to be intelligible to plain, but thinking men; to translate, in fact, not merely the Apostle's Greek into English, but rather his sentiments into language capable of being generally and easily understood in these days. The author has, on the whole, succeeded in his plan, and his plan, as will appear from our subsequent remarks, we think a good one. 'If the peculiarities of the author's religious thinking be inquired after, he is a member and friend of the Church of England; he hopes for her durability, but not if, unlike all other national institutions, she be immutable.' 'If pressed further on the articles of his creed, he will say nothing.' He has, however, said indirectly enough in his work to show not only that he thinks for himself, thinks vigorously, but, in our opinion, much more correctly also, than those do who are doctrinal authorities in his church. As the writer agrees, in some respects, with us in regard to what is needful to make Paul useful in the present day, as most erroneous notions prevail and most injurious practices on the subject, as we wish to recommend the work, and to illustrate and enforce principles which we think of importance in connexion with the reading of St. Paul, we shall take occasion to enter somewhat into detail on the merits of the apostle, and the means for a profitable study of his writings.

Epistolary writing is, and generally ought to be, so much an easy and unpremeditated effort, that we do not look for the higher excellencies of composition in a man's letters. It scarcely requires or admits more than truth in the sentiment and ease in the expression; and those have almost invariably failed who have been ambitious to make the vehicle of their social intercourse an instrument of literary fame. Yet the letters of the Apostle Paul, while they do not cease to be letters, while they retain, that is, all the fidelity to nature, and that almost carelessness of expression which characterise all genuine outpourings of intimacy and friendship, exhibit passages which, in their respective kinds, are unsurpassed if not unrivalled, and those kinds extend through almost the whole range of moral and intellectual merit. To the cultivated mind, whatever its religious sentiments, of whatever nation, these letters will never cease to be a source of gratification. Letters, as they are, the logician may find in them specimens of reasoning which the masters of his art have not outdone. The impress of mind is throughout the Apostle's writings—thought

\* An Illustration of the Epistles of St. Paul, including an entire new Translation, by Charles Eyre, Clerk, Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.



is their characteristic. If he weeps or rejoices, if he glows or sorrows, if he is grateful or devout, if he speaks of time or eternity, life or death, over and through the eloquence of feeling, of imagination, of piety, of benevolence, there predominates the eloquence of thought. He was both a close, a rapid, and a powerful reasoner, possessing qualities rarely united in the same mind, and scarcely ever in the same degree. His style is a torrent, not merely, not so much, of imagination as of intellect. What skill in solving difficulties, in getting the better of prejudices, in winning inveterate opponents over to Christ, in putting the Gospel forth to the world in those lights and with those recommendations that were best fitted to the actual and diversified condition of the public mind. He knew how to convince and convert the Jew and then the Gentile—the one without offending the other, though of the most different faith and feelings, and which was as difficult, without compromising his own principles in the smallest particular. Jesus declared the truth, which he heard from God, *as* he received it from the fountain of truth; Paul declared it *as* that truth best suited man. Jesus was the truth itself; Paul the expounder of the truth. Jesus was the prophet; Paul the logician of Christianity.

The letters of Paul will reward the scholar's labour; for he who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and partaken of the intellectual culture of Asiatic refinement—who, in becoming all things to all men, was able to command the attention not only of the uncultivated barbarian, but also of the wise and learned in that city, which had been the mistress and was still the teacher of the world,—he who thus united in himself much of the learning of both eastern and western civilization, and who in addition to his intellectual attainments had also that knowledge which resulted from a large acquaintance with various classes of men and most of the then known parts of the globe, cannot fail to supply in his writings those treasures of information of which the true lover of knowledge is a seeker. What bursts of eloquence do his letters furnish—what genuine elevation and ardour for the study and imitation of the orator. And the real poet will find in them, not indeed the form, but much of the essence of poetry, in natural emotion, in intense emotion, in nobility of soul, in expansion of mind, in vigour and compression of thought, in loftiness and vividness of imagination. This is the stuff of which all true poetry is made, and he that has a soul for poetry will find some one of these qualities in every page of the Apostle's writings.

The philanthropist may read Paul, and have his largeness of soul enlarged; for there is a wider benevolence in the expression of that gospel principle, that Christ had made all men of all nations into one family,—there is a wider benevolence and fuller delight in the expression by Paul of that gospel principle than has ever yet fallen from the lips of another man.

And the Christian may find Christianity embodied in Paul's letters. The Apostle's mind was fraught with Christianity; he had taken up its diffusion as the one and only business of his life and he was richly furnished for his work. There are parts, indeed, of the Gospel which appear in his letters in a new form, but the essence of eternal truth lies under the exterior and animates the mass, while other principles are set forth with a fulness and prominence, a frequency and ardour to which no one of the primitive or any subsequent age has been able to approach. And, then, what exquisite morality does he recommend, and how constrainingly! In the purity, the correctness, and elevation of his moral tone, in that consummate perfection of which paganism, with all its mental power, had never conceived an idea, and which unbelief, with all the addition of experience which 2000 years can give, has never rivalled; in the perfection and loveliness of his morality, Paul appears to the Christian to be almost Jesus again dwelling and speaking amongst men.

If required to point to passages in justification of these remarks, I should be almost content to forego the general mass of the Apostles' writings, and to fix upon the 15th chapter, 1st Corinthians, as a piece of writing in which the logician, the scholar, the orator, the poet, the philanthropist, and the Christian—or he who unites all these characters in himself, may find concentrated in a brief space—excellencies that merit the highest praise. What argument to convince, what knowledge to gratify, what eloquence to captivate, what sublimity to raise and fill the soul with brighter promises than ever were the mere philanthropist's visions, and an ardour of devotion, an exultation of piety, an enforcement of obedience which delight the Christian, while they make him feel the littleness of his attainments in contrast with the grandeur of his calling.

Notwithstanding, the letters of Paul are not the book for the people. Independently of their antiquity, their dealing with forms of society and modes of thought, which have long since vanished—disqualifications under which they labour in common with all works of remote origin, profane, as the term is, as well as sacred;—they are letters, and therefore more brief and more obscure than direct narratives, or systematized reasonings, or public history; and they were designed specially to exhibit Christianity in a form which should meet and dissipate the peculiar prejudices of Jews and heathens. By reason of this last consideration they will of course contain arguments and illustrations the most difficult to be understood by us, inasmuch as they would be most easy to be understood by those for whom they were adduced. Modes of thought and expression, historical recollections, and national prejudices, the Apostle had to study and adapt himself to, of which we know comparatively little, and in which we can feel no manner of sympathy. A sermon preached to Jews and heathens of the first



century may be easily conceived to be an insufficient and ineffectual teacher of professed Christians, or secret unbelievers, at the end of an interval of nearly two thousand years. The world has changed since the Apostle wrote, and therefore what he wrote to the Church at Rome or Corinth may well be occasionally dark to the modern artisan whose world is in his own breast, or at most his own cottage, his little neighbourhood, and his ill-informed spiritual guide. Yet, whether it be from a love of the dark and mysterious, from a disposition to try their powers at solving difficulties to which we have found them not a little inclined, or from bad guidance, it may in some cases have been interested and intentional misdirection,—the people, those who are least able to understand their sense or appreciate their beauties, are most fond of the Epistles of Paul.

Under these circumstances the remarks we are about to offer may not be wholly useless. We say at once, then, prefer Jesus to Paul: take the Gospels rather than the Epistles as the guide of your faith and practice. Even from the days of Peter the letters of Paul were known to contain things hard to be understood; and, therefore, presuming this to be the fact, we merely say in advising you to prefer Jesus to Paul—prefer the clear to the obscure. We are not among those who think that there was any deficiency in the Gospel as developed by him who called himself ‘The way, the truth, and the light,’—who declared that ‘All things whatsoever he had heard of the Father, he had made known to his disciples;’ and of whom Paul, too, speaks in terms the most expressive and lofty, as ‘The wisdom,’ as well as ‘Power of God,’ as the ‘Image of God,’ and ‘The fullness of him who filleth all in all.’ In bidding you sit at the feet of Jesus we are not, therefore, sending you where you will suffer from any defect. In him there is an all-sufficiency for the enlightenment of the mind in that knowledge which, in its practical results, is ‘Life eternal.’ But the preference we recommend is not exclusive. Wherever you see light follow its guidance, whether it emanates from Jesus or Paul; but if you have little leisure or little capacity, or with whatever capacity you have, can find but little satisfaction under the teachings of Paul; or should it appear that these teachings, as you understand them, contravene your own experience, stand in opposition to the discourses recorded in the Gospels, the views there intimated of the divine character and dealings, or those which by the interpretation of reason come forth from the frame of nature and of society, then, we say, fly and cleave to Jesus, and that without a fear that you will fail of knowledge in any essential or important particular of the Christian religion.

There are, however, aids in the use of which the honest inquirer will find most of the difficulties disappear which are commonly found in the letters of Paul. These letters, we have seen, are written in a style which was suited to the understanding of a

remote age. They took Christianity and translated it into the current language of the day. It is our business to compare this translation with the original—to translate it back again—to compare it with the essential principles of human nature—to translate it into their language—to view it in relation to the existing state of society, and so put it forth that it may meet its wants and foster its excellencies. There cannot be a doubt that this is what the Apostle would do for his own writings were he now in being. He wished, when he wrote, to communicate what he knew—to win men to Christ; he therefore wished to be understood—to convince and to sway. As a natural consequence, he studied not only the genius of the Gospel, but the condition, the intellectual and moral condition, the aptitudes, the prejudices, the aversions, the attachments, the customary trains of thought and even modes of speech, of those to whom he wrote. Thus knowing Christianity, and thus knowing his audience, he preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. Acting on the same principles he would now, were he on earth, adapt himself to the present generation. The truth he would preserve, its dress and recommendations he would change. What he had done for the prejudiced Jew and the ignorant Heathen of the first, he would now do for the philosopher and the peasant of the nineteenth century. The casual form in which he first set forth the Gospel he would divest it of, and bring the mind of man purified by the lapse of time, the destruction of institutions and the general process of civilization, purified of the idols with which it was peopled, to learn at once of Christ, without a veil between to see his glory, to hear the gracious words as they came from his lips. What the Apostle cannot do for himself, we of this age may do for him.

For this purpose, some acquaintance with the ancient history both of the Jews and Pagans is of great consequence; and, by history, is not meant so much that which unhappily forms so large a part of what passes under the name,—not so much the details of wars, of dynasties, of conquests,—but rather the progress of society, the intellectual furniture of a people,—their moral and social condition, their pleasures, their hopes, their visions,—in a word, whatever constitutes the staple of their life, in its moral, intellectual, and physical aspects. He that would understand the conversation of an Englishman, must know something of the institutions and modes of life under which he has been educated. Mind is but an aggregation of influences transmitted and mostly augmented from age to age; and language is but a picture of mind—a picture whose hues are ever varying, and which, as is the case with some persons in regard to colours, every eye sees in hues differing from those in which it is seen by every other. To understand the writings of a Jew, then, you must learn, as much as you can, to think and feel as a Jew. You must place yourself in the point of view in which he looked at



the objects to be contemplated: you must clothe your mind with his thoughts and feelings, taking his sympathies and his dislikes, and, generally, his emotions and his eyes. Then will you see what he said; you will penetrate his meaning; and, with the superior advantages which time and experience give you, be able to do what he could not—transfuse his thoughts into the current language of the day,—separate what is accidental from what is essential,—remove the one, and develop and apply the other. To effect what has now been recommended, no study will be found so valuable as that of the Old Testament. That it contains all that is needful, I do not assert; but the mind that is fraught with the incidents which it relates, and impregnated with the spirit which it breathes, is not meanly qualified for the interpretation of Paul.

The object which we are setting before you may be forwarded by another auxiliary: consult your own breast; study its actual condition, its capabilities, its wants. Study yourself, the relations you bear to God, to man, to time, to eternity. Ask yourself what you are; what your conduct; what your wishes; what your destiny. Call on Nature to tell you what she has to declare in reference to your wants and your desires. In the union of these things there is a volume which will serve as a comment on Paul and every other writer; and that volume is not the worse if it makes pretensions to scarcely a higher authorship than what is usually termed 'common sense.' Take it as a companion with you, as you read the letters of the Apostle to the Gentiles. It will serve admirably to separate what is essential from what is accidental; to bring down oriental majesty to the dimensions of sober truth; to develop the clear, expound the obscure, deduce general principles from particular instances, make due allowances for accommodations to existing prejudices, and to bring forth truth in the harmonious proportions of a beautiful whole, from the disjointed and fragmentary materials of unconnected letters. You will occasionally meet with passages of which the best exposition of books or tradition will furnish little more than darkness; and others, in which they will elicit glimmerings that, by their coming and going, will serve for little more than to render 'darkness visible.' In cases such as these, and generally in difficulties of all sorts, it may not be useless to lay aside books altogether, and consult the inward monitor, asking if there is anything which is at all correspondent with what appears to be the author's meaning, in the principles of your nature, in your relations as an accountable and an immortal being. You may thus get possession of a touchstone by which to detect, and, consequently, cast away the absurd and unnatural, and a guide by which you may not only thread the labyrinth, but come at last into the full light of day. What we now recommend is nothing more than what all men do in secular pursuits, when at a loss to

know the meaning of a friend's communications. You cast about in your own mind, putting all the suppositions which occur to you, arising out of your friend's condition, your own resources, or the general principles of human nature, putting these several suppositions, and practically asking, 'what can he mean?' till, at last, your researches are rewarded with light, and the internal monitor proves a better index of truth than those very characters which were designed to be the channel of its communication. An enlightened mind and a good heart are the best of commentators on the Scriptures. Nature and revelation bear the relation one to another of twin sisters; and the obscurity which is in the language of the one, the intelligence that beams from the countenance of the other may clear up. It is obvious, however, that the light of the mind will vary in brightness according to the peculiarities of each individual. Darkness is the invariable concomitant of vice; for he can know little of the essential laws of his own existence, whose life is a practical contravention of the will of God, and, therefore, a process of opposition to his own nature and his own welfare. Rectitude of heart is, in consequence, essential to rectitude of judgment, and the good will know of 'the deep things of God;' for, in the 'light' of their own excellence 'shall they see light;' so that knowledge, which leads to goodness, will itself be multiplied by the very goodness it has occasioned. As, however, goodness can be asserted of no one but with much allowance, it is desirable, if possible, to find another aid in the work of exposition; and this is presented to us in the evangelical histories. In them, Christianity is set forth in facts, in narratives, in lucid parables, in express declarations, in pregnant intimations, and in inferences which the dullest mind can hardly miss. In the Gospels, and what are termed the Acts of the Apostles, he who runs may read the essential truths of Christianity; and these we may, therefore, take as the obvious and the clear,—the certain and the tangible, by which to expound the remote, the dark, the ambiguous, and the transcendental. And the rather should we make them our primary and chief guides, inasmuch as they profess to give direction. They were written expressly to transmit to posterity a history of Jesus, of things done and taught in consequence of his mission; and may well, therefore, be believed to contain all that is essential to make wise unto salvation, while the Epistles of Paul rather take for granted the ground-work laid by the Gospels, and make applications of its principles suited to casual and transient circumstances.

Not one of the aids which have now been recommended may prove perfect of itself; to each objections may be taken, and in the use of each, separately, small satisfaction may be found; but we are mistaken if the honest use of all conjointly, leave any serious difficulty on any serious question respecting God, duty,



and eternity. And when time for profound inquiry is wanting, or when, owing to the imperfections of education, the learning of the Jew and Greek is but foolishness, we have no hesitation in recommending as comprising most of what is of essential consequence,—the aid derivable from the light within the human breast, and the light which shines from the several histories of Jesus, and the history of the first planting of his kingdom in the world. Study yourself, and study the Evangelists, and the hard things of Paul will cease to perplex.

## NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. II.

(Extracted from the Common-place Book of an Invalid.)

'Garden of France'—Valley of the Loire—Cheerful Industry—Plessis les Tours, Sir Walter Scott's description of—Present State—Louis XI.—Henry IV.—Numerous Landowners—Laws of Succession.

Tours is the chief place in the department of the Indre and Loire, which comprehends the whole of that province of France formerly known by the name of Touraine, and parts of the ancient Orléannais, of Poitou and Anjou. This district of country has been of old called 'the Garden of France,' and appears to be still considered entitled to that flattering appellation\*. The city is situated on the banks of the magnificent river Loire, in a rich, flat valley, not two English miles in breadth, through which also the river Cher takes its separate course. Of this space more than a quarter of a mile is occupied by the beds of the two rivers. The soil of this beautiful valley is exclusively alluvion, in places inclining to be sandy; but with few exceptions everywhere the deposit of the noble rivers which water its two margins, On the north side of the Loire, and the south side of the Cher, immediately opposite Tours, there is but a very narrow strip of land between those rivers respectively and the abrupt, lofty, and broken banks, which seem to say to each of them, 'Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther.' These hills—for the most part calcareous—abound in fossil remains, to an almost unprecedented degree, and to a depth as yet unpenetrated, affording to the lover of natural history inexhaustible sources of study and delight †. At Vouvray, on the right, downward, bank of the Loire, and nearly opposite to Montlouis on its left, the valley widens, and a similarly rich strip of flat land occupies about a mile in width,

\* In a letter dated 1619, written by the Cardinal Bentivoglio to the Duke de Montléon, ambassador from Louis XIII. to the court of Spain, he says, '*Revenons à ville de Tours, à ce pays délicieux. C'est véritablement lui qu'on pourrait appeler l'Arcadie de la France, excepté qu'il lui manque un Sannazar Français pour la chanter. Mais, s'il n'a pas le nom d'Arcadie, il a du moins mérité celui de Jardin de la France.*'

† Of the astonishing district of shell fossils, called 'les salunières,' some description will be attempted.

between the Loire and the little river Ciss, running parallel thereto at the foot of the hill, from Vouvray to Vouve, which latter place is in the department of the Loire and Cher, in the direction of Blois.

On the other hand, the rich flat extends from near Montlouis, on the left bank of the Loire, to the junction of the Loire and Cher, and one branch of the Indre below Brehemont, together in length exceeding twelve French leagues. This rich and long but narrow tract of land bears everywhere the marks of most luxuriant vegetation, though it has ceased to be so much of a meadow district as it was before the Revolution, at which period most of it was sold in small portions to different proprietors, the provision for whose families, according to the laws of succession in France, has since further reduced the size of individual properties, and increased the number of landowners. As affecting the beauty of the scenery, this has by no means operated a favourable change, particularly at certain seasons of the year, but rational life and happiness have no doubt been increased;—for *many* now live on the produce of what was engrossed and mostly misspent by a *few*, or went to support and enrich a comparatively small number of idle monks; and may be said to have been diverted from the possession of the drones to reward the labours of the industrious bees of the public hive. Formerly the monks of the Abbey of Marmoutier and St. Martin of Tours, with the royal domain of the Castle of Plessis, occupied the whole of the valley near the city of Tours. That the change is morally as well as politically for the better there can be no doubt. In the month of January, 1831, above one hundred persons (proprietors and their families) were engaged in breaking up with the spade different adjoining portions of this fine deep land, and the same work was carrying on by other smaller groups in various parts, within the range of the eye from the public road. It was impossible not to pause and look and listen at this singular exhibition of cheerful social industry. The spot was a part of the rich district within two miles of the city, and on a bend of the Cher, not far from the park wall of the celebrated château of Plessis-les-Tours. On a nearer approach the words—*‘C’est la liberté des deux mondes, c’est La Fayette!’* &c. were distinctly heard, as the animating strains of the *‘Parisienne’* burst fully upon the ear. These lands formed a portion of the rich demesne of the château, and the recollection of the description thereof from the magical pen of Sir Walter Scott, which has revived and perhaps prolonged its remembrance for another century, produced an almost overpowering effect.

Humanity shudders at the too faithful description that wizard of the north has given, in his *Quentin Durward*, of this horrible fortress and favourite residence of regal tyranny, and the heart sickens at the enormities here practised. But, thanks to Almighty God! the *‘battlemented and turreted walls,’*—the thrice repeated



ditch, 'each of the depth of twenty feet,'—'the palisades of iron topped with clusters of sharp spikes,'—'the ancient and grim-looking donjon-keep, which rose like a black Ethiopian giant into the air,'—'the shot-hole windows,'—'the gateway towers,'—'the triple succession of portcullis and drawbridge,'—and the 'cradles of iron called swallows' nests, from which the sentinels, who were regularly posted there, could take deliberate aim at any who should attempt to enter without the proper signal or password of the day,' no longer blast the sight of outraged humanity—no longer call down the vengeance of offended heaven! The besom of destruction has swept these enormities from the earth—they have vanished before the light of reason and the rod of retributive justice. The reclamation of the rights of man has tumbled them to the ground, leaving but, as an awful memento, the scanty remains of this once mighty engine of kingly despotism! The stout peasantry and the sturdy yeomanry of France,—the strength, if not the ornament of nations,—now cultivate contentedly, cheerfully, exultingly, *on their own account, that very soil* where 'every yard of land, excepting the permitted path' itself, was formerly 'rendered dangerous, and well-nigh impracticable, by snares and traps armed with scythe-blades, which shred off the unwary passenger's limb as sheerly as a hedge-bill tops a hawthorn sprig, and calthrops that would pierce your foot through, and 'pitfalls deep enough to bury you in for ever;' and where 'the very leaves of the trees were like so many ears which carried all that was spoken to the king's own cabinet.' With a proud feeling of reconquered rights and conscious property, the men of Touraine shout aloud in concert the animating strains of the Parisienne and the sublime hymn of the 'Marsellaise.' Truly, as the pensioned Burke exclaimed in an agony of grief, truly the age of chivalry is gone, and with it the age of iron-fisted, grim, and heart-breaking oppression. Its ominous emblem, the fleur-de-lis, is everywhere erased;\* its white flag has disappeared; its lilies are faded; the charm, the grace, which by depriving vice of half its grossness, rendered it in the sight of some persons interesting, if not harmless, are being again chased from social life; and 'when the summer fades into autumn, and moonlight nights are long, and roads become unsafe,' you will, on this altered spot, no longer 'see a cluster of ten, ay, of twenty, human beings hanging like acorns on that old doddered oak.†'

It was at Plessis that Louis XI. (who, if he had not been a king, would have been called a monster) died, in spite of the leaden images of the Virgin, which the superstitious hypocrite always wore in his hat, according to Sir Walter Scott; and notwithstanding he summoned to his relief the miraculous phials both of

\* This royal emblem is everywhere defaced, even on the granite half-league stones by the road sides.

† Quentin Durward, vol. i. page 39.

Rheims and Marmoutier, as asserted by the historians of Touraine. Plessis-les-Tours is also memorable, as having been, on the 30th of April, 1589, the place where the reconciliation and alliance took place between Henry III. of France and the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. Of the castle itself nothing remains but a single tower, converted into a manufactory for casting shot, the horrible dungeons partly filled up, and some fragments of walls embodied into a residence for its owner. The facility with which land was to be acquired in France by the purchase of national property, in small allotments, to be paid for by distant and easy instalments, placed that of Plessis in the hands of a numerous proprietary. It was, like all the lands of France at the period of the Revolution, delivered from the galling burdens of tithes, and detestable feudal oppressions; and thus everywhere was originated a very numerous body of small landholders, who might more properly be called *freeholders*, than most of those known by that name in this country. From being, for the most part, a sort of appendage to another man's property, and bound to believe in all things as he was told, and to 'do suit and service' as he was bid, the industrious occupier of land in France was enabled to become the legal owner of that species of property which the church, the nobles, and the king had for ages usurped. The present state of the laws of succession, the effects of which the men of the restoration looked upon with horror, but which Louis XVIII. and Charles X., in the plenitude of their power, though supported by all the bayonets of all the despots of Europe, dared do nothing more than grumble at, has still further multiplied the number of small landowners; and the purchase of land is become so favourite a mode of investing even small sums of money all over France, that it is now understood they are to be counted, not by hundreds or by thousands, but by millions\*. This division of landed property is condemned by political economists in general, particularly by those of the Arthur Young school, whose predictions in regard to its effects in France are far from having raised his memory in the estimation of those who are really and intimately acquainted with the principles and practical results of the laws of succession in France. It is also, as matter of course, loudly exclaimed against by the aristocracy in all countries, who would much rather saddle their younger children on the public purse, than provide honestly for them out of their own property, according to the dictates of natural justice, morality, and religion.

M.

\* The same strong predilection for landed property exists in Baden and other of the free states of Germany, and similar effects appear to result from it.



THE 10th volume begins with the fragment of a tragedy, *Elpenor*, which is chiefly curious because it shows how Goethe composed verse. Not to be interrupted in the flow of composition, he seems to have penned his lines with no regard to the rules of versification—for here are not merely a great many half-lines, but also a number of lines with redundant feet in the trimeter of the Greek tragedy. *Elpenor* is the nephew of the queen, Antiope, who, having had her own child torn from her by robbers, has obtained from her husband's brother the custody of his child. Being arrived at an age for manly pursuits his father sends for him, but before he takes leave she extorts from the youth a frightful oath to revenge her wrongs.—A scene of great effect, though unfinished, and on which the tragedy was to have turned,—for it is certain that his father is the robber,—if, which is not absolutely impossible, he be not the queen's son himself. However the play was not brought beyond the beginning of the second act.

*Clavigo*, a descent from the heroic to the domestic tragedy, written in prose. It was published in the year 1774. The subject is taken from an admirable *plaidoyer* of Beaumarchais, the French dramatic author, whose *Figaro* is known all over Europe, but whose *plaidoyers* are still more celebrated than his comedies, and are quite unique in forensic literature; of which Voltaire declared that they united the gaiety and wit of Molière to the eloquence of Bossuet. The incident, as related of himself by Beaumarchais, is, with very little deviation, adhered to in the tragedy. Beaumarchais had two sisters, who with a small fortune were established in Madrid. The eldest married; the youngest was courted by Clavigo, who was a literary *parvenu*,—the popular writer of a periodical work resembling our *Spectator*. Clavigo when he became distinguished and obtained a place under the government, refused to fulfil the promise of marriage. Beaumarchais, on the news of this occurrence, hastened to Madrid, and with his arrival the tragedy opens. He proceeds to the house of Clavigo, and, in a scene of great power, compels him to sign a declaration of his own villainy and the unblemished honour of Maria. Beaumarchais declares his determination to publish this paper, and is with difficulty persuaded to allow Clavigo time to obtain the pardon of Maria. This he does obtain; and Beaumarchais forgives him and destroys the paper. But Clavigo in character resembles the Weislingen in *Götz von Berlichingen*. He is rather a very weak than a thoroughly bad man; and he is wrought on by Carlos, who flatters his vanity and stimulates his ambition again to retrace his steps in the road of repentance and honour. Carlos is the evil genius of the tragedy, and one of the few thoroughly malignant beings Goethe has drawn. The insidious remonstrances and plausible reasonings of Carlos admi-

rably display the power of a remorseless and skilful knave over the mind of an impassioned and irresolute man. Intelligence is brought that Beaumarchais has been denounced by Clavigo to the government, and that his person is in danger. This news causes the death of Maria, and Clavigo in the meanwhile had concealed himself from the fury of Beaumarchais, but, going out at night, meets the funeral of Maria: he is again softened to repentance, and rendered frantic by despair; but Beaumarchais is there also furious with grief and revenge. They fight and Clavigo is killed: he dies on the coffin of his mistress, an object of commiseration and terror. Clavigo fills a distinguished place among the *tragedies bourgeoises* of the modern stage; and Goethe was probably led to the composition of it by the critical writings of Diderot, who brought this spurious species of drama into popularity in France.

*Stella*, a tragedy. This 'passionate work' belongs to the author's early productions, and in its first shape was published in 1775. *Stella*, abandoned by her husband, lives in affluence, but pining with grief and solitude. She is about to receive into her house, as a companion, Lucy, the daughter of a gentlewoman who has for many years lived in poverty, the victim of a like desertion. The play opens by the arrival of the mother and daughter at the post-house, at which, at the same time, arrives an officer, whom the daughter sees. When the ladies meet, *Stella* opens her heart to *Cæcilia*, and shows her the picture of her faithless husband, in which her confidant recognizes her own husband, but does not betray the discovery; and Lucy at the same time discovers that it is a picture of the stranger at the inn. He is sent for and sees *Stella* alone: at the unexpected interview her joy is excessive, and his, too, appears to be lively and sincere, though he is the prey of grief. He promises to take up his abode with *Stella*; but when he beholds his first wife, and with her for the first time his daughter, his first love returns, and he resolves to depart with them secretly. In *Cæcilia*, however, age has abated the violence of her passion: she has conceived a friendship for *Stella*, and is willing to leave her husband to her more attractive rival. This *Ferdinand* refuses; and then she proposes that they shall all live together, to which he is not unwilling to consent. In the meanwhile, *Stella* had learned the intended desertion of her husband, and has swallowed poison. In despair he kills himself. Such is now the catastrophe, and so it has been since 1806. But in the original play the proposal of the first wife is acceded to by all parties, and the curtain drops on the inconstant husband with two wives at his neck. Mr. Taylor probably never heard of the change in the catastrophe, for he gives *this* the first termination of the play. And in this statement he is contradicted by the Edinburgh reviewer, we presume in similar ignorance of the play as first written. That original play formed matter for reproach



and ridicule even in Germany. Nicolini wrote a continuation of it, introducing the police as additional characters, and it being one of the earliest plays translated into English at the period of the Kotzebue influenza, it became the prey of the *Anti-jacobin*. Our readers may recollect the Rovers (ascribed to Mr. Canning): certainly a piece of successful satire. It was a lucky hit, the making Ferdinand, who, in *Stella*, is only a very weak and susceptible man,—not a hypocrite, but one who yields to every impression,—at the same time the sentimental and pseudo-misanthropical hero of Kotzebue's *Misanthropy and Repentance*, the Stranger of our English stage, so finely represented by Kemble. The absurdity is very amusing, and the satire very efficient\*.

*Claudine von Villa Bella*—Ein Singspiel. The predilection which Goethe has avowed for the opera, would be unintelligible, were it not recollected that, being a great tragic poet, he is at the same time among the greatest of lyric poets, and in the lyrical drama the poetical element predominates over the dramatic. Of the great operas which fill the theatres in every capital in Europe, how many are there of which any one knows one word of the text? We recollect but one combination of two great names in the opera, those of Mozart and Metastasio, as in the *Clemenza di Tito*, &c. And of these, while Mozart is, by his own countrymen, entitled the Shakspeare of music, and is held by them to be at the head of his art, Metastasio is only the author of the most famous operas. As a poet he fills but a very subordinate station on the Parnassus of modern Italy. His verses are given to learners for their facility, and therefore have become more known than any other modern Italian poetry out of his own country. It is he who has in a great measure brought the Italian language into the unmerited disrepute of being fit only for the lips of a soprano singer; and, until Alfieri proved the contrary, (as Dante's admirable power was nearly forgotten till Monti revived his memory,) the Italian was thought fit for nothing but songs and the opera. The very opposite prejudice prevailed respecting the German. The saying imputed to Charles the Fifth, that he spoke Italian to his mistress, and German to his horse, was in every one's memory. And the popular anecdote of the happy retort of the German upon the Italian served only to spread the calumny. 'Horrid jargon! Sure it was in German that the angel drove our parents out of Paradise.' 'E troppo vero! But

\* We add an illustration of the artifice of the parodist and satirical translator. In the *Rovers*, *Stella*, after a minute's conversation with *Cæcilia*, exclaims, 'A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear eternal friendship. Let us embrace.—*They embrace.*' A good text this for the arraigners of German sentimentality. But the original is nevertheless true to nature. The two deserted wives having exchanged their confidence, *Stella*, deeply sympathising with the more grievous long-suffering of *Cæcilia*, says, 'We may be to each other what *they* (the treacherous husbands) ought to have been to us. You shall stay with me. Our friendship shall be eternal.' A natural sentiment in a mind filled by one painful recollection.

it was after the Devil had seduced Eve in Italian.' Even Goethe himself gave countenance to the slander in one of his Venetian epigrams. 'Manifold have been my attempts. I have engraved on copper, painted in oil, and modelled in clay; but with no constancy; and I learned and I effected nothing. One single talent only I brought near to mastery—writing German. And so, unhappy poet! I wasted

'In dem schlechtesten stoff, leider nun Leben und Kunst,'

(on the worst of materials, alas! life and art.) But in atonement for this unpatriotic effusion which, like that other epigram in which he addresses *Ennui* as the mother of the Muses and his inspiring goddess, is to be taken but half in earnest, he wrote his operas, the first of which, both in place and in merit, is his *Claudine von Villa Bella*. The characters are all Italian; and there is throughout a delicious warmth and balmy sweetness, which brings back to our recollections Sicily, the delightful island on which the scene lies. All the songs and airs, earnest and playful, including a ballad such as Goethe alone could write, are exquisite. The dramatic part is as excellent, if not as could, at least, as need be; for it will hardly be denied that there are certain high qualities of the drama which are out of their place in the opera. Though our church service gives a certain licence to the priest, and allows some of its prescribed forms to be said or sung, yet, with deference to my lords the bishops, their tolerance should have been directed elsewhere. Thoughts ought never to be sung. Feelings are but coarsely enunciated in *spoken* words: character, certainly, if anything, ought to be indicated by music; and it is probably because the music is supposed so completely to express it, that we know no opera of which the words express any character whatever. Romantic incident seems to be the peculiar field for the lyrical drama. Had that form of play existed in Shakspeare's time, he would, perhaps, have poured forth all the exuberance of his lyrical talent, (which has been nearly overlooked among his other miraculous powers,) on the romantic tales of the *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour Lost*, &c. but certainly not on those of *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, or *Hamlet*.

Goethe has in this piece dramatised a romantic tale, of which this is the subject:—Pedro is with his mistress Claudine at the castle of Villa Bella, but hastens from her in search of his brother, who has been seduced to become a captain of banditti. But, at the moment of his departure, the castle is beset by banditti; and at the same time a mysterious stranger obtains access to the castle, and wins the affections of Lucinde. Now, it is equally unnecessary to say who this stranger is, or what is the result of the fighting. In an opera all these are matters of course. Robbers who sing are, after all, not very fierce; and the bandit hero is not unworthy to be the brother of Pedro and the husband of Lucinde.



*Erwin and Elmire*—an operette in two acts. An elegant trifle, wrought of the slightest materials: a sort of counterpart, a lawyer would say a set-off, to the *Laune des Verliebten*; for the shepherdesses here are the offenders. Elmire, being in despair at having, by her cruelty, driven to destruction her faithful lover Erwin, Valerio tries to console her, and offers to lead her into the desert to be shriven there by the hermit: but in this attempt he excites the jealousy of his mistress Rosa, and himself in resentment goes alone to the hermitage. There he finds in the hermit his friend Erwin, and thither follow the repentant shepherdesses. Elmire, like Angelina to Edwin, confesses to her lover in a most delicious ballad, which is in everybody's memory in Germany:—

‘ Sieh mich heilger wie ich bin  
Eine arme Sünderinn.’

‘ Wretched sinner as I am,  
Harken to me, holy man.’

Here, too, is found that other very popular ballad,

‘ Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand.’

‘ A violet on the meadow grew.’

The 11th volume opens with another singspiel, more in the sphere of common life, though still a pastoral,—*Jery and Bately*. Bately is a coy shepherdess, and treats her lover with disdain: his name is one, we suppose, which German shepherdesses would respect as little as English wives would Jerry. An old comrade of Jerry's, a discharged soldier, a rough carrier of a musket, offers to court for him; but proceeds with so great violence as to frighten Bately and her father. Even Jerry's prudence and patience are worn out: he forgets their mutual understanding; ventures to resist the assailant; gets a fall in a wrestling match, but is a gainer, for he wins by it the heart of his mistress.

*Lila*.—A ticklish subject, for Lila is rather crazy—something between a lunatic and a hypochondriac. Now downright madness is as unfit for tragedy as the itch would be for comedy, though the one is terrific and the other ridiculous; and Alfieri, in his *Saul*, otherwise perhaps the best, because the profoundest, of his tragedies, suffers the moody paroxysms of his hero to assume too much the character of mere ordinary disease, while Goethe's *Orestes* never ceases to be that awful personage,—one encountering the divine vengeance for a voluntary crime. The opera, the least earnest form of the drama, allows of greater liberties. Lila, who lives in the solitude of a romantic park, worn out by anxiety for the fate of her wounded husband, is overcome by illusions. She believes that he is under the power of ogres and demons, who seek to subdue her. On this, the doctor attempts a cure by masquerading what she fancies.—An ingenious expedient, which with Goethe's eminent skill in verse, and incomparable excellence

in the song and ballad, could not fail to produce a beautiful little composition.

*Die Fischerinn*—The Fisherwoman, an opera, performed on the national theatre at Triefurt, on the Ilm. The theatre requires notice here rather than the play. Huge buildings are erected for the purpose of adequately performing written plays; but in this case a little piece was written that it might be acted on the very spot where the incident is supposed to occur. It was composed for the purpose of adorning a fête at the country residence of the Duchess-dowager Amelia of Saxe Weimar. The Ilm runs through her grounds, and a spot being selected, at a convenient distance from which the Princess and her visitors could be placed, and hear and see all that takes place, fishermen's huts were erected and a fire kindled by the river's side. Dotchen, the fisher-girl, is heard singing the famous ballad of the Erl-King, to wear away the time, as her lover keeps her waiting. As he does not come, she resolves to play him a trick by hiding herself, and laying her hat, &c. by the river, as if she had fallen in. When, therefore, her lover and father come, they are in a terrible fright, and immediately all the neighbours are summoned to make due search. And the author tells us honestly enough, in a note, that the whole effect of the *show* lay in the splendid illumination of the winding river and its borders. The piece terminates with an exquisite comic ballad. If a thing like this have no other merits than those of giving currency to delightful ballads, and also furnishing an historic memorial of the elegant amusements of the little court of Weimar, between forty and fifty years ago, it does not disgrace the far superior works among which it appears.

*Scherz, List, und Rache*, i. e. Joke, Trick, and Revenge.—A comic opera, or rather a musical farce. It has but three persons: the Doctor, Scapin, and Scapina; as their name imports, two knaves, who however, honestly enough, get back their own from the doctor, who is both miser, knave, and dupe to boot. Scapin is taken into the doctor's service, by pretending that he is suffering under the incurable disease of not being able to eat; and Scapina comes to be cured also. He administers medicine to her, which, however, instead of curing seems to kill, for she shams death, and so frightens the doctor out of his wits, he believing that he had given her poison by mistake. The new man-servant offers, for half the sum they had been cheated of, to carry off the dead body; and he having obtained his pay, she recovers; first terrifies the Æsculapius as a ghost, and at last, as she still threatens to die, makes him give her the other half, in order to get rid of her; and then, of course, they laugh at him. We presume it had no success, from the way in which Goethe speaks of it in his diary. He says that it cost him more labour than it merited; and remarks that the impudent trick by which a miserly pedant was taken in had no charms for an honest German, while Italians and



Frenchmen would have delighted in it. It was set to music by Kaiser at Zurich.

*The Zauberflöte*, i. e. *Magic Flute*, second part.—One might fancy, had Goethe been a Catholic, that this composition had been a penance imposed on him by his confessor. The text of the *Zauberflöte*, which is known perhaps all over Europe as one of the most perfect of Mozart's operas, was written by one *Schickaneder*, the court poet of Vienna, a sort of Flecknoe, a by-name of ridicule, such as we have not had of late years. Goethe never completed the act of humiliation. It appears as a fragment, and we suppose never was acted. Our opera-going readers will know, as this is a continuation of the well-known piece, that the persons are fantastic and præternatural creatures of the element, put into melo-dramatic action. Even this thing has some lovely songs.

*Palaeophron and Neoterpe*.—This elegant mask was first performed at court on the birth-day of the the Duchess-dowager of Weimar, 24th October, 1800. One person alone was permitted to appear, 'in all the grace of her own personal attractions;' coming into the hall as a suppliant, and clasping *more antico* an altar, she solicited the protection of the princely and noble company. She is *Neoterpe*, the new age, or the spirit of the age, and is persecuted by an elderly person *Palaeophron*, who follows her, representing the old age, or as some call him, the golden age. He hopes, from the wisdom of the lofty assembly, that they will afford no protection to so worthless a creature as *Neoterpe*. It turns out, however, when they come nearer, that they do not so much dislike each other as the *mute* companions by whom each is attended. *Neoterpe* is accompanied by two very unpleasant youngsters *Naseweis* and *Gelbschnabel*, who appear, in conformity with their names, in masks, the one of a monstrous *white nose*, and the other of a *yellow beak*. Now *Naseweis* pretty well answers to our *Sauce-box*, and *Gelbschnabel* approaches to *Greenhorn*. His yellow beak, not ossified by age, indicates his youth; as a character, he is not quite so silly, but more disagreeable than his English relative. *Palaeophron's* attendants are *Habe-recht*, plainly our *ever-right*, and *Griesgram*, croaker. He is very surly, and full of wrinkles, and quite ugly enough to frighten away all young ladies, as *Saucebox* and *Greenhorn* are very likely to displease all elderly gentlemen. At length, however, the old and new age agree to join hearts and hands, each sacrificing to the other the unwelcome associates. The mask terminates by their presenting their united homage,—*Neoterpe* offering her crown of roses, and *Palaeophron* his oaken chaplet to the excellent princess in honour of whom the festival was given.

In the *Monthly Magazine* for April, 1801, is a translation by the late Mr. Mellish, the author of a version of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*. Mr. Mellish has here ventured to use the verse of the

original, the greater part of which is in the trimeter of the Greek tragedy. We copy the concluding lines as a specimen of the verse.

NEOTERPE, *rising and advancing.*

'I honour age, which has already liv'd for me.

PALAEOPHRON *rising, and advancing.*

I value youth, which now for me begins to live.

N. Wilt thou be patient, if it ripen tardily?

P. When ripe it will be sweet, though now the fruit be green.

N. Mine be the kernel, sweet, although the shell be hard.

P. My duty 'tis from my abundance to bestow.

N. And mine to glean, that I hereafter may bestow.

P. Good is the purpose, but the practice difficult.

N. A great example softens all that's difficult.

P. Full well I know whom this allusion signifies.

N. What we but promise, she has long ago performed.

P. 'Tis she who founded our alliance in this town.

N. I take this chaplet from my brows, and reach it her.

P. I also mine.

N. Live long, thou object of our vows!

P. Live happily! this rose betokens happiness.

N. Long may she live! exclaim each loyal citizen.

*Vorspiel, &c. i. e. Prodrame* on the opening of the Weimar theatre, 19th September, 1807, after the happy reunion of the Ducal family,—that is, our readers know, after the fatal battle of Jena, in 1805, and consequent ruin, for a time, of the cause of national independence in Germany. The Duke of Weimar, at the instance of his admirable wife, obtained from the victor forgiveness for his faithful adherence to the King of Prussia; and he was enrolled among the allies of the omnipotent conqueror. It is sufficient to say that the personages of this allegorical dramalet are the Goddess of War, a Fugitive, Peace, and Majesty, who elegantly interchange the obvious common-places of the occasion in verses of various metres,—the trimeter, the ordinary iambic, and the trochaic.

*Was wir bringen, i. e. What we bring*; also a *Vorspiel*.—An occasional piece on the opening of the new theatre at Lauchstadt, a little watering-place resorted to by the wealthy inhabitants of Weimar. This little place had the honour of first presenting to the German public several of Goethe's works. The Weimar company performed there. The occasion of this prodrame being one of those which is constantly occurring, this poem has higher pretensions than the preceding; and the allegory, as exhibited by Goethe, may serve for imitation. Father Martin and his old wife Martha, who appear to be also Baucis and Philemon, keep a public-house, which the husband is resolved to pull down, in order to build one larger and better. This the more contented old lady disapproves of. A matrimonial contest is interrupted by visitors. There successively come, Nymphe, two boys, Phoné, and at last a



pedestrian traveller, who turns out to be but a suspicious character,—a sort of sleight-of-hand tricks-man: he is, however, handsome; gains the favour of the ladies (who take different sides between the landlord and landlady), and has their permission to play off his tricks. He orders an old carpet to be hung up in the room; they all go behind it except Martha, who thinks he is the Old One, and will have nothing to do with those unholy attempts. Old women are everywhere enemies to radical reform. The change takes place without her concurrence. The old booth is transformed into an elegant temple. The conjurer becomes Mercury; Phone, the genius of the opera; Pathos, of tragedy; Nympe represents nature, or rather natural taste; and as such, she is tormented by the wanton boys, who represent art, and flies for protection to Mercury. He explains everything like a showman; and the only fault is that his speeches are too eloquent and beautiful for the occasion.

Another *Was wir bringen*, a continuation of the preceding, was produced at Halle, on the opening of a theatre there in 1814. We have here Mercury, the three Fates, Melody, the Genius of dramatic art. Rhymed odes and ballads are introduced with great pomp of rhetoric; the only substitute for that passion which is necessarily excluded from the allegorical mask.

*Theater reden*.—For which we have no expression of equal comprehensiveness. We call our *stage-speeches* prologues, epilogues, and occasional addresses. There are eight of these.—Models of compositions in their way. Never comic—occasionally a slight tinge of humour, but, for the greater part, earnest yet unimpassioned, temperate contemplations of life, art, and the *occasion*. They are all, except one, in the usual dramatic blank verse. C.

#### NATIONAL EDUCATION\*.

THE general tendency of thought and feeling among the benevolent, for a considerable time past, towards the establishment of national or universal education, is as decisively prophetic of a grand amelioration of the state of humanity, as if a new song of angels had been sent to celebrate its origin. The concentrated mind of humanity is omnipotent; and in proportion as the desires of its component members converge, the probability that those desires will work out their own satisfaction, is strengthened into certainty. Such a convergence has never been more remarkable than in the instance of popular education, in the advocacy of which, men of the most opposite views on other subjects have

\* A Plan of Universal Education. By William Frend, Esq. London, Fellowes.  
Popular Education in France, &c. &c. By John H. Moggridge, Esq. [London, Longman and Co.]

united, and towards the establishment of which, speculations the most inconsistent in other respects have tended. It is now many years since Godwin set all England and much of France clapping and hissing at him, by insisting on the right of every social being to a certain portion of *leisure*. Many may still remain to whom leisure for improvement appears as little the right of a poor man as a coach and six; but the number is incalculably smaller than when Godwin first advanced his extraordinary proposition. Since that time, almost every sect in religion, philosophy, politics, and social economy, has had a glimpse of the grand principle,—that men are born with equal moral as well as physical rights. The recognition of the principle may have been diversified in its modes by its connexion with the main views of the sect; but after its own manner, each party has sanctioned it. It is the best point of the Owenite system, and that which alone has secured it the permanent support of any really enlightened men. It forms the basis of the institutions of St. Simon and his followers. The phrenologists consecrate to it the discoveries of their science; and it serves as a rallying point for the efforts of individual philanthropists, who connect themselves with no party, and make objects for themselves instead of adopting them from others. The consideration of universal education occurs to all, in their different departments of observation. The divine discerns the universality of the influences of Providence; the philosopher the unrestricted character of the provisions of Nature; the politician the final purposes, and the social economist the existing abuses, of social institutions; the contemplative moralist ponders at home the means by which man may be made the being he is constituted to become; and the traveller beholds abroad the struggles perpetually renewed, after intervals of defeat, to gain what it profits no man to withhold, and what it will, ere long, be esteemed the first of privileges to assist in diffusing. All these methods of observation lead to the same result;—that the whole of society was meant to be educated, and will be educated. Since no man, or set of men, can monopolize the materials of knowledge, or the faculties requisite to obtain it, no man or set of men can for ever monopolize any kind of knowledge. The visible and tangible universe is open to all, and the faculties by which it is to be investigated are common to all. It may happen for a few years or ages, that a thousand men may know only that the sunshine is warm, that the stars change their places, that trees drop their foliage in winter, and so on, while one understands somewhat of the influences of heat and the laws of vision, and the relations of number and quantity, and the causes of vegetation; but since this philosophy and these facts are laid before all, and the only thing necessary is to open the intellectual eye to their perception,—since the causes which have hitherto opened eyes are still at work, and as their operation proceeds with an accelerated



rapidity, there has evidently been a provision made from the beginning of time for universal education ; and men may leave off talking, some of its probabilities, and others of its inherent good or evil, and all may bestir themselves to direct the process which cannot be stayed, and modify it so as best to suit the circumstances of those among whom it is to take place.

Indignant as we cannot but feel at the attempts that have been made to baffle the national desire, to evade the national demand for education in France, it is animating to know what has been done towards rendering the French people worthy of a better political state than they have yet enjoyed. That so much has been effected among the hindrances of bad institutions, is a matter of wonder, and affords ground for unbounded expectation of what may follow, when the most important educational influence, that of government, shall have been made to co-operate with, instead of opposing other agents of discipline. It affords abundant encouragement to England, where such impediments need never now exist, and where it is only wanted that there should be the same demand for national education to produce much finer results than in France, great as is the work which has already been achieved there. The instance of Ireland may illustrate the probabilities of the case, as affecting all the three countries ; and, from a comparison of the three—so unlike in their political and social states—a rule for calculation and for guidance may be formed as to what is the pressing duty of the governments which are responsible for the social morals and happiness of the people.

In Ireland the eagerness for education is universal. There is no cabin so miserable where one or more books may not be found ; there are few parents so poverty-stricken but that their greatest anxiety is, that their children should have an education. The provision for education is, one way or another, very considerable ; but the children are usually taught much that is pernicious, and more that is absolutely useless. They can read, and are much given to arithmetic ; but the trash which is given them to read, only helps to make them as remarkable as they are for an absurd application of their resources. Superstitious legends and tales of lawless violence are their common studies, and prepare them to be yet further injured by the political influences under which they are disposed to break or evade the laws in every possible manner. Nothing can be more complete than the perversion of power, the misapplication of a people's best resources, in the case of Irish education. The intellectual qualities of the people are just so far exhibited as to prove what they might be made ; and they are seduced and driven into crime by management and oppression, so as conspicuously to show how mighty an agent education is for evil, if it be not made one for good. If, with the new plan for education in Ireland, there be united a better course of policy, we may behold the reverse of the picture ;

it may not yet be too late to see, in her case, how, when the two great educational influences are made to co-operate favourably, education may become the mightiest of all agents for good.

In France the eagerness for education has been (as it is everywhere, as long as the people can form wishes and make them known) very great; and to themselves the people owe as much of it as they have gained. The different French governments have only conceded that which they could not obviate. Napoleon attempted to direct the national desire to his own purposes; Louis XVIII. to baffle it; Charles X. to abuse it; and all to no purpose. The progress of the nation has been hindered, not stopped. They have obtained enough of direct instruction to prepare them for the discipline of vicissitude. The two together have led them on, from being the ferocious, heartless mob of 1790, to being the principled, intrepid army of good men that they proved themselves in 1830. Whatever there has been since of weakness and inconsistency in the conduct of the nation, must be mainly ascribed to a few unqualified leaders; and whatever portion is chargeable upon the people, arises out of the imperfection of an education which has done great things as far as it has gone.

This education is imperfect both as to extent and efficiency, though it is far beyond what England can boast. In some of the northern departments, one in ten of the inhabitants is educated; in some of the lower, one in two hundred and fifty only. Yet, limited as has been the advantage, its effects have been apparent, not only in improvements in morals and manners, but in matters which admit of calculation; and this in proportion to the degree of education imparted. The value of private property increases with the spread of enlightenment, and the best educated departments contribute the largest portions towards the exigencies of the state. Wherever there are the most primary schools, and schools of mutual instruction, revenue, public and private, is on the increase; and instead of the anomalous spectacle presented in Ireland, of gaols full of persons who can read and write, the criminal class in France is composed of the uninstructed, while the guardians of the public order, of which we hear so much, are the children of those who demanded education as one of the rights of the social state.

England, in great measure free from the oppressions which have corrupted Ireland, and the internal misrule which has perplexed and tormented France, has not yet tried the experiment of education on a large scale and a secure footing. If she had, the oppressions of Ireland might, ere this, have ceased, and Great Britain have been in a situation to yield moral guidance and succour to France, instead of thinking it a privilege to look on and wonder at the integrity and enlightenment of the rival nation. England is worthy of the boon for which she is now looking up to her rulers—worthy in all but in not having yet obtained it.



Where her people understand how to act, they are sure to win the honour of acting nobly, and to prove that they deserve to be taught to act thus always. They understood the reform measure, and they acted with a moral greatness nowhere surpassed. If they were equally enlightened in respect of other objects and other means, they would act in like manner. They are eager to become thus enlightened; they are ashamed of whatever anomalies in their condition prove that the causes of evils are not known. They respect, and would fain emulate, whatever of popular wisdom France has the exclusive possession of; and if they are too ready to blame their government as the immediate cause of some grievances, whose remedy lies in their own hands, it should be remembered in their behalf, that their rulers may be the remote cause of these very evils, by delaying the communication of the knowledge that would cure them. Government thinks it hard to be blamed for the crime and poverty that are increasing in our country in so tremendous a ratio; but, granting that a reduction of the public burdens would go only some way towards lessening both, if the rest might be effected by making the people understand their own interests, and if government has the power of thus enlightening them, with the government rests the ultimate responsibility of the whole. The tacit recognition of this principle by the present government, shown in the provision which it has made for Irish education, fills us with hope of what awaits that portion of the English people which is now suffering, either indignantly or unconsciously, under the injuries of ignorance and vice.

Not only is education in England shamefully limited in extent; what there is of it is, generally speaking, vague in its objects, and absurd in its routine. The poorer sort of educated learn to write and read; whatever is further taught is Greek and Latin. Whatever is wanted as a direct means to active usefulness,—whatever is desired as a preparative for the occupation of the pupil's life, must be obtained as it can. How rare a thing it is to find any provision made for the most useful kinds of knowledge, becomes most apparent when such a book as that of Mr. Friend comes in our way—giving us an opportunity of comparing what might be, and ought to be, taught as commonly as reading and writing, with what is actually imparted of philosophy and science in this country. The pupils of his imaginary schools, prodigies as they would be at this day, under our present educational methods, are no wiser than the tenants of every cricket-ground in the kingdom might be thirty years hence, if the nation were to set about educating its youth in right earnest. Mr. Moggridge's tract encourages us by proving what has been done by interrupted and imperfect methods in France. Mr. Friend's stimulates us by showing something of what might be looked for from a systematic and wise mode of instruction. Both are useful in directing

us towards those stronger encouragements and higher stimuli which are found in the contemplation of what our nation is capable of, and the observation of its present woes—still, happily, remediable.

The cause usually assigned for the long delay in the prosecution of a plan for national education, is the want of leisure in the midst of more pressing concerns; and true it is, that the variety of matters of incalculable importance which have lately claimed, and are still claiming, the attention of the legislature, is enough to perplex any judgment or set of judgments as to their rights of precedence. But it should be remembered that the probabilities of internal peace and ministerial leisure are much lessened, the longer the people are left in a state of ignorance under increasing burdens. A provision for their education being once established, the people, whose interests are now so difficult to manage, would be converted into co-operators with the government, as long as the government is worthy of their co-operation. Not only would they help to enforce its measures, they would supersede many of its least agreeable and most difficult operations, by becoming, much more generally, willing subjects of the law, useful members of the state, and discoverers of new resources of wealth and power. No service is more surely or speedily recompensed than that by which the governed are enlightened by their rulers. If the rulers of England would reap the full reward of such a service, let them offer the boon of a national education while the people are impressed with the magnitude of passing events, and rendered conscious of the necessity of national wisdom to direct, and national principle to sanctify, their issues.

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#### HINCKS'S SERMONS\*.

THE early and (as in the inconsiderate and partial views to which we commonly confine ourselves, we are too apt to regard it) untimely removal of those who had shown themselves well prepared for a long course of extensive usefulness in this world, is among the difficult dispensations of Divine Providence, which for the present we must be content to receive in silent and humble submission. Certainly, if it had rested with us to divert his movements, the messenger of death would never have been sent on such an errand. The world, we think, can ill spare the hopes of the coming age to be thus removed before their time;—we have no superfluity of talent or virtue among us, nor any deficiency of important and honourable stations in which those valuable qualities might have been employed for the benefit of mankind. If, then, it had rested with us to select the victims for the great destroyer,

\* Sermons and Occasional Services selected from the papers of the late Rev. John Hincks, with a Memoir of the author, by J. H. Thom.



without all doubt these would never have been in the number. This at least would surely be the result, if in any particular instance it were given to us to rule the destinies of men according to our wishes;—and yet when we consider the matter fairly, and endeavour to take those general views which we can contemplate with the requisite calmness, and which are not too extensive even for our limited understandings, there are reasons which may occur to our own thoughts sufficient to convince us that the general rule, in its immediate application so mysterious, is on the whole dictated by infinite wisdom and kindness, and adapted to work out much greater good. The immediate effects upon survivors of the removal from earth of one so well prepared for Heaven may often prove highly beneficial, softening their tempers by the tenderest sympathies, and deeply impressing their minds by a practical instance of the sanctifying power of a Christian's faith and hope.

Of the young ministers who have been successively called away from stations of eminence and usefulness, where they were beginning to devote valuable acquirements and promising talents, under the guidance of a pure and Christian spirit, to the service of their master in the religious instruction of their fellow-disciples, and who have thus forcibly and painfully brought to our minds such reflections as have now been suggested, there are few to whom they have been more appropriate than the amiable author of the posthumous volume now before us. Called away from earthly duties and earthly hopes, at the early age of twenty-seven, while there remained in his heart and affections the warmth and freshness characteristic of youth, no one who knew him would fail to perceive that for him the discipline of this world had thus far done its work. There was in him that habitual influence of religious principles and feelings which uniformly governed his conduct and his deportment in society, and had already become, as it were, a part of his nature, insomuch, that without leading to anything repulsive or austere, they rendered it impossible that his presence should not always be felt to be that of a religious man. To the important objects suggested by this predominant view of his destination and duties in this world, the exercise of his intellectual attainments was ever conscientiously devoted; and these were of no ordinary kind. For both his public appearances, and his conversation, whenever he could be induced so far to lay aside an habitual reserve, as to enter freely upon topics which called the powers of his mind into full exercise, abundantly showed that he had availed himself to their full extent of all the opportunities he had enjoyed for acquiring those mental accomplishments which could be rendered subservient to his primary pursuit. Nor was there any appearance of inadequate preparation in these respects. Indeed, to those who were frequent hearers of Mr. Hincks in the pulpit, or much in his society in private, there was, perhaps, no quality of his mind more remarkable than that maturity, both of

thought and of expression, which in most men is the result only of years spent in long and varied experience of the world. Seldom did anything escape from him of which you would say—‘This young man will change his mind as he grows older.’ His compositions were always interesting—often eloquent; but the eloquence rarely if ever partook of what is commonly called juvenility. Of this we think a decisive proof may be derived from the present volume; from which it would be difficult to select many passages which a reader, judging from internal evidence only, would pronounce to be the production of a youthful pen; while there are certainly many which indicate in no common degree, the exercise of much thought and reflection, and a comprehensive knowledge of men and things.

The publication of this volume is due to the well-earned affection of those friends of the author whose hearts he had won during the short period of his labours for their spiritual welfare. It is introduced by a Memoir from his early associate and successor, Mr. Thom, containing a brief narrative of the few events which distinguished his short but honourable career, and concluding with a somewhat more detailed and elaborate view of the excellent qualities which rendered him the object of deserved attachment and esteem. This part of the editor's task is executed in a manner which might be expected from one who unites to the interesting recollections of early companionship an earnest desire, in the same field of useful and important labours, to emulate the virtues of his friend, that he may share in his reward.

Perhaps we may be thought fastidious if we object to an instance or two of what may appear like overstatement, into which those are often apt to fall, who feel strongly, and express their feelings with warmth and energy. Thus in p. xii:—‘If we should be in danger of sinning, and the heart felt that temptations were gathering close around it, and that it must needs resort to some *saving* influence to uphold it in purity and strength, we know of *nothing* which could exert a holier power over its wavering or erring purposes than the solemn and tender recollection of such a character.’ Mr. Thom did not exactly mean this; and what it is evident he did mean is very just and important, namely—that to be able to look back on the improving intercourse formerly enjoyed with so pure a departed spirit as that of his deceased friend, is among the most valuable safeguards of virtue; a privilege which it becomes us to cherish by dwelling on the holy thoughts it is fitted to suggest, an instrument of moral and religious culture which we may be reasonably expected to apply to good account. But in the hands of the uncandid and the captious, of spirits such as we have seen of late so ready to defile theological controversy with unworthy personal imputations, such expressions as these might afford a pretence for very injurious criticisms.

The union of piety with that habitual cheerfulness which is its



usual attendant when rational and sincere, is well described as it appeared in the mind and manner of Mr. Hincks :—

‘ It would be inexcusable not to make a separate mention of his piety, though it is essentially involved in the character we have so far described. As a minister, it was his high praise that his power lay chiefly in his devotional character. The God of his prayers was the God who filled the temple of his hourly thoughts. He had not to forget any god of the earth when he sought the God of heaven. He looked habitually upon the present and the future world, upon sin, sorrow, and death, in the light of a father’s countenance. In his unprovoked gentleness, in his bland manners, in his deep interest in all around him ; and in his hopeful and brightening, though mild and humble spirit, piety was ripening her choicest fruits. His devotional services had a peculiar character of reality, as though he were giving simplest utterance to the experiences of his heart. His imagination, dwelling habitually in the purest regions, seemed to form, with a perfect ease, the rich combinations of beauty and grandeur, and to gather all that is attractive in another world to recommend heaven to the gained and unresisting heart.

‘ That purity of mind and of imagination which rendered him so familiar with the visions and the imagery of a brighter sphere was connected with another, and though apparently opposite, yet a perfectly consistent, feature of his character. Every mind of a higher order, when it is perfectly innocent, and blessed with a piety in which there is no gloom or superstition, is keenly alive to all the pleasing associations of humour, and harmless gaiety and wit. Our susceptibility of this class of emotions, has a more intimate connexion with the higher part of our nature than is generally believed. It throws bright colours over life, sweetening our social intercourse, enlivening all that is dull and gloomy, and surrounding us with a perpetual and cheerful sunshine. In the fine perceptions of a pure and religious mind there is often an exquisite relish for these peculiar emotions. This sportiveness and pleasantries of feeling was a very decided, though not a prominent, part of Mr. Hincks’s character. There was too acute a feeling of propriety, and too accurate an observance of the due proportions of the several parts of his character, ever to permit this susceptibility to become too marked, or even to be generally known, except to those who were admitted to the intimacies of his mind. His friends will remember with delight the mild and radiant light that played around his social conversation ; the blended affection and sportiveness of his temper ; the charm and freshness of those happy feelings, and the beautiful connexion that subsisted between the piety and the playfulness of his mind. From the predominance, however, of other feelings and that refinement of mind which cannot exert itself freely, except where it is sure of being perfectly sympathized with, this was a part of his character that was but little known.’—*Memoir*, pp. 22—24.

Of the discourses, which form the bulk of this volume, our opinion will be gathered from what we have already said of the high character and maturity of Mr. Hincks’s intellectual attainments. Every candid reader is disposed to receive compositions of this nature, generally prepared in haste, and presented to him under

circumstances which deprive them of the advantage of their author's careful revision, with a certain allowance; but such a reader will rise, we think, from the perusal of these sermons, with a full persuasion that their author possessed in a high degree the moral and literary qualifications required of the accomplished Christian preacher. They are mostly, we may say universally, of a practical character, and the morality which they inculcate is, as might be expected, pure and high-toned; but the sermons on the Death of Christ—on Christian Humility—on the Purifying Influence of Faith—and several others, abundantly show that he was by no means backward, either in vindicating his peculiar views of Christian doctrine, or in pursuing them to their appropriate application, by establishing their efficacy to promote the formation of the genuine Christian character.

W. T.

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FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORD ATONEMENT.

SIR,—In confirmation of the remarks of your two former correspondents on the original meaning of the words *atone*, and *atonement*, I beg leave to contribute the following examples.

In Spenser, we have, in

Book ii. canto i. v. 29. So beene they both attone.  
 — iv. — v. v. 46. And with him eke that aged squire attone.  
 — — — vii. v. 14. Whom like unlucky lot  
 Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone.  
 — v. — viii. v. 21. Of final peace, and faire attonement  
 Which might concluded be by mutual consent.

What is 'concluded' here is a reconciliation; it cannot be an expiation. Shakspeare furnishes many instances of this sense of the word *atone*, besides those adduced by your correspondent, R. S. In the second part of King Henry IV. act iv. scene 1,—

Be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,  
 If we do now make our atonement well,  
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 Grow stronger for the breaking!

Coriolanus, act vi., scene 6,—

*Mess.* Marcus,  
 Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome.

*Men.* This is unlikely;  
 He and Aufidius can no more atone  
 Than violentest contrariety.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act i. scene 1,—

*Evans.* I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, and to make atonements and compromises between you.

In the life of Chillingworth we have the following passage:—

'The greatest part of the controversy' (says Heylin) 'between us



and the church of Rome, not being in fundamentals, I cannot otherwise look upon it but as a most Christian and pious work, to endeavour an atonement in the superstructure.'

So in Acts, ch. vii. v. 26.—'He would have set them at one again.'

It appears then, clearly, that the sense of the word atone has been changed, since our translation of the Bible was made. It is curious to inquire when and wherefore its old meaning was abandoned; for the observation of your correspondent (in last Repository) scarcely accounts for the new acceptation of the word; and when we consider the unwarrantable use that has been made of every passage which contains this term, in bolstering up the monstrous doctrine of vicarious punishment, we cannot take too much pains to expose the fraudulent abuse of language to which theologians have resorted.

The chief subject of surprise, I think, is, that such indefatigable scholars as we have had, opposed to the common *doctrine of the atonement*, should not have insisted first on establishing the sense in which the sacred writers employ the word. Much labour, it appears to me, would have been saved by this step; and they had no reason to apprehend reprisals; for, the orthodox Dr. Nares himself, has not found, for his Glossary, a single instance where the word atonement is used in a sense different from that of reconciliation.

Now we are upon the subject of the illustration of Scripture language by comparing it with that of secular, or profane writers, permit me to ask whether any remark has ever been made upon a passage in a Greek play (I cannot now recall it), where two persons are professing the most perfect sympathy, and desiring to act in concert—to be as one? If I remember right, the very same word is employed, (the neuter *εἷς*), which our orthodox commentators assure us can mean nothing but that identity which they have transformed into a Trinity.

INQUIRER.

September 19th.

#### ON SUBORNATION OF INSINCERITY.

[From Sermons on Christian Morality, preparing for publication, by W. J. Fox.]

Who does not profess to admire and love sincerity? It is the theme of universal eulogy, and very deservedly so, and in a certain sense very honestly so; for those who have no intention of practising it themselves, yet perceive that in many points it would be very convenient to them that it should be practised by others, and so it has their hearty recommendation. And yet with all this praise there is, perhaps, not another virtue with which society deals so harshly. We have heard of political virtues being

expiated on the scaffold, but perfect sincerity would subject its possessor to a living martyrdom, which would endure from childhood to old age. As a Christian grace, certain is its crown of glory hereafter; but not less certain is its crown of thorns here. Its way to immortality is by a crucifixion. It is true, that, notwithstanding these external inflictions, it may have internal sources of consolation and strength. That is only saying that the wisdom of Providence may counteract the folly of man. It is no merit of theirs who hedge-up the straight-forward path, and would, if they could, make the fence an insurmountable barrier: they are quite as culpable as if they were completely successful; and that culpability is not trifling. We have no slight responsibility in this matter. It ought to weigh heavily on a man's conscience if he have been the cause of another's deviating from sincerity and frankness into the crooked ways of concealment and guile. When we pray that the kingdom of God may come, we mean that it should come in other's hearts as well as in our own: our duty is not to obstruct it anywhere. It is no justification of repressing a virtue in others that we practise it ourselves. If, for instance, we plume ourselves upon speaking out our own opinions, but do it in a manner so violent and overbearing that we drive others into the suppression of their honest convictions, it may be that we do as much harm by the fervour as benefit by the frankness. Our sincerity is not good, in so far as to another it becomes the stimulus to insincerity. It was often remarked, when attempts were making to rouse the sympathies of the people of this country in favour of the Greeks, that the character of their Turkish masters was one which might be regarded with much greater moral complacency; that the Turk was manly, open, truthful in his language, but the Greek cunning, deceptive, fraudulent. Now the same thing might be said of oppressors and slaves all over the world. Why should *they* practise acts of cunning who have nothing to apprehend, or resort to fraud who can use force with impunity? The vices of slaves are generated by the condition of slavery. The frankness of the tyrant arises not from the love of truth, but from the sense of power: he keeps down truth in his bondsmen; he is guilty in their degradation—for the cause of their insincerity is in his oppressions; and if it were not by oppression but by bribery, by persuasion, by talking, by legislation, by influence, by Church government, or in any other way, he would be guilty still. This is the evil against which I warn you. I am not now preaching against *the practice of insincerity*, but the promotion of insincerity. I wish you to heed the distinction; you may be very sincere, and yet do many things which tend to make those about you less sincere than they otherwise would be. There is a subornation of insincerity which is not less vicious than falsehood itself, inasmuch as it produces falsehood in others. There may be no such intention; perhaps a very opposite intention; but it is weak to talk of intention when



the tendency of actions may be ascertained by reflection and exhibited in experience. 'I did not mean any harm,' is a contemptible apology for having occasioned mischief which reflection might have anticipated and precaution might have prevented. We are responsible, not only for the goodness of our intentions, but for the use of all the means in our power by which those intentions may be made wise as well as good, and their useful realization brought within the compass of a rational probability. Without such use, the plea is very pitiful, and the conduct very wrong.

In most things connected with religion, what a tide of influence sets in to bear down individual sincerity! What can be more hostile to it than that dogma, so generally held, so vehemently maintained, so vigorously enforced, of the condemnability of opinion? The wide-spread notion that belief is not merely intellectual but moral—not necessary but voluntary—seems at times to have darkly overclouded almost the whole horizon of human honesty. It strikes at the very root of sincerity, and excites man's fears, so as to make him palter with his mental convictions, and become unfaithful to his own conscience. To declare to an inquirer, the reception of this doctrine will save your soul,—the rejection of that doctrine will consign you to damnation,—is a declaration of war against truthfulness. It is doing your utmost to make him a partial inquirer or a hypocritical professor. How many would be induced to doubt, deny, or be silent about the demonstrated propositions of Euclid, if a large and influential portion of society should uphold, that to affirm the whole to be greater than a part, was indicative of vicious disposition, and worthy of future suffering. We often hear of the dishonesty of unbelievers in their attacks on Christianity. They have shown much disingenuousness in assailing it by insinuations and covertly. The blame is not all their own; it must be shared by those Christians who make such opinions, however erroneous, a legal offence, a social proscription, the token of God's eternal reprobation. What greater influence could be used to make them disingenuous? But in this respect the teacher has been as hardly tempted as the sceptic. How, in some churches, commences that priesthood which has for so important a part of its ministry, the inculcation of Christian sincerity and simplicity? By professing a call from the Holy Spirit, which, to say the least, cannot be evidenced; by subscribing a long and complicated creed when, to say the least, but little of it can have been investigated. Carry this further; connect temporal advantages, connect political advantages, connect bright prospects and hopes, connect large emoluments, connect the means of subsistence, with the profession of faith in certain dogmas, and the preference of certain forms and systems, and what but insincerity, to a great extent, can be the result? If any intended to generate equivocation, the suppression of honest thought, a bias to outward acquiescence, without inward

conviction, what means more adapted to that end, could be devised? Prevent diversity of opinion, indeed; the most that can be done, is to produce uniformity of expression. Churches of humbler form and means, have tried their power in the same way. They have their little tests to fence their little circles. They roll their mimic echoes of the thunder of excommunication, and within their pale keep men's tongues quiet or servile. The influence extends beyond all churches; and they who worship no god, are horror-struck at those who only adore one divine person; and he who knows nothing, shudders at him who does know something, though he only believes a little. Hence a monstrous mass of ignorance, servility, and hypocrisy of profession, in religion. But this preserves purity of faith, we are told. What faith? For all are, or may be, thus preserved. It destroys all purity of faith; for that consists in the impartiality of the adoption, and the honesty of the profession. All that is most valuable about faith is destroyed. Truth is reduced to the level of error, by being separated from the clear perception of its nature, of its evidences, and of its tendencies. The Christian ceases to sit at the feet of Jesus; or, if he does, it is with his ears stopped, and a creed in his hand for his eyes to rest upon. Where there is individual honesty, there must be variety of opinions. The Gospel is more glorified by a hundred different but independent interpreters than by a thousand implicit believers. The real and final unity of principle, must be pursued by an unbounded individuality of thought and speech. These are the intellectual evils of the practices described. Of not less magnitude are the moral evils. To bring insincerity into direct contact with religious faith, must needs deprave the whole character. Its simplicity is marred; social integrity is impaired; fraudulence and trickery are associated with the notion of religion; public morality is lowered; and all this is done for the sake of elevating opinions, or supporting a system or a sect. O, they are the great reformers,—they are the real champions of truth,—who assert every man's right to a distinct opinion, if he have mental energy enough to form one! and who would no more sit in judgment on his character, nor in any way affect his reputation or comforts, on account of his conclusions, than they would on account of his stature.

'If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' If thus it fares with sincerity in the Church, what should we expect in the world? though truly it can scarcely be much worse. Still it is not behind in the emulation of evil. How common it is for falsehood to be consecrated, and insincerity to be enforced, even by the enactments of law, the administration of justice, and the institutions of government. How often is the criminal recommended solemnly to deny his criminality, and by one falsehood take the chance of inducing other falsehoods, and the evasion of justice! How often must an



accusation charge that which is not, to open the way for sitting in judgment on that which is! It is no trifling evil that legal fictions should be so established as to divest fiction of disgrace. How many public forms are full of falsehood! Each generation may, in succession, become so familiarized to these things, as to be scarcely conscious of the fact; but is no price paid for that familiarity? Does it not, in succession, blunt the moral sense of each generation? Then, to what has the competitive system in trade and commerce brought us? Is a transparent sincerity the common quality of mercantile transactions? Is it not comparatively rare, and by its rarity honourable; and by its merited honour a merited condemnation of the prevailing system and spirit, showing that there is something wrong, and which should be amended? We make our literature a snare and trap for sincerity; we make it, by a long array of legal and social arrangements, most difficult for an honest and independent man, without wealth or party to back him, to get access to the public mind save by catering to public prejudice. There is a premium for insincerity in every department; nor least of all in social intercourse. The man who always says what he thinks on any subject, however admirable his intellect, however benevolent his heart, however bland his manners, however unobtrusive his conversation, would stand but a poor chance, for some time at least, in society. He would be odd, eccentric, disagreeable, and outlawed by the conventionalism of the day. There is an established taste, and talk, as well as an established faith. How many topics there are, on which to keep in with the common run of society, a woman must have no opinion; a man only one opinion—that perhaps a wrong one. These laws are appropriately enforced by wonder, ridicule, sarcasm, coldness, and ultimate proscription. Howard was called a busy, meddling, wrong-headed man, addicted strangely to running about amongst gaols. Men declared Rousseau to be mad till they drove him so. By a ruder race, Whitfield and Wesley were pelted, by the very class of which thousands now sanctify their memories. Would that one could show the mischief and misery of all this fraud, cant, ignorance, hollowness, and intolerance! Would that one could but display so persuasively as to be resistless, the beauty, the dignity, the practicability, the blessedness of perfect sincerity and truth in all concerns of religion, law, government, trade, literature, and society! Many disguises would be torn off which are now worn; many opinions avowed which now are suppressed; many forms abolished which are now consecrated: but how much would be done for the discovery of truth, how much for the dignity of character, and how much for the promotion of happiness! Hypocrisy has been said to be the homage which vice pays to goodness; were the tribute but remitted, the dominion of goodness would be extended. O, it holds good everywhere and always,—‘Let your

yea be yea, and your nay, nay !' If we cannot accomplish this moral revolution, let us, at least, abstain from upholding any of the barriers which obstruct its approach : it must come ; and when mans' thoughts are on the tongue as in the heart, then will God's kingdom be coming on earth as it is in heaven.

People begin this unholy work too commonly even with those for the formation of whose characters they are responsible before God and man. I do not say they do it intentionally or consciously ; but, certainly, the young are often initiated into insincerity by the conduct of those about them, and who should be especially on their guard against such a result. The child that is severely or injudiciously punished for a fault, is thereby tempted to insincerity ;—a first falsehood has often been told from the feeling of fear. The child, naturally enough, sees more evil in the suffering than in the untruth. Then, how often does the parent try to gain a sort of reflected glory by an emblazoned display of the child's acquirements ! The little observer sees the exaggeration while it loves the applause, and next tries of itself to accomplish the same end by the same means. Children are keen observers, and apt imitators. If they see persons civilly treated to their faces, and ridiculed behind their backs, they may very likely learn the lesson which was not meant for them. The remarks or questions of children are often inopportune and puzzling ; that is no justification of the conduct which, without thinking, it may be, practically teaches them to stifle inquiry, or be content with a verbal mystification to hide ignorance.

One might accumulate instances for hours of this evil influence over the young—this securing to them an inheritance of insincerity. It is not the less dangerous because unintentional. Parental responsibility should lead to parental caution. The leading strings of unconscious example too often prevent ' children walking in truth.' But to look close to this is within the spirit of the ' commandment which we have received from the Father ;' and this is pre-eminently one of the cases in which, to reform others, men must reform themselves. We should not only abhor the deceitful tongue, but avoid the circumstances which prompt the deceit. We should pray, ' lead us not into temptation,' and take care not to walk into temptation. Our character, as Christians, is children of the light. Truth of heart and voice is above all truth of doctrine, but will ultimately ensure it more than any other means. There is no more certain or exalted characteristic of religion than this. The regeneration of the Gospel is to be born, with Christ, to bear witness of the truth. The fact that God seeth the heart is a strong motive, weakened by the seeming remoteness of his judgment. The frankness which lets men see it, supplies a weak motive, which is strengthened by the promptness of the judgment which they pronounce. This subject goes much deeper than that mere avoidance of gross falsehood, which



ranks amongst the very elements of morality. It should produce that searching self-examination which detects the deceits men are apt to put on their own minds and consciences. It should make man require of himself that which God requires of him—truth in the inward parts. No fiends without have ever done so much to ‘palter with us, in a double sense,’ as the tempter within. There is the deep root of deception; there should be the lucid fountain of simplicity, sincerity, frankness of character. We should not shrink from avowing our real motives to ourselves; that is the way in which iniquity is found to be hateful; and man gains satisfaction in righteousness, whatever its earthly and immediate consequences.

And let no one say that, in this discourse, I am aiming at anything Utopian or chimerical. I pretend not to say by what degrees or in what precise way the world will grow more honest and individuals more transparent. Nor would I underrate the virtue that exists. Enough, blessed be God, to redeem the name of humanity from its calumniators. My object is perfectly simple, tangible, practical, and practicable. It is only this:—do not set snares for others’ sincerity; nor for your own. Do not influence sceptics to disingenuousness, by joining an outcry about damnable heresies or doubts. Do not help to pollute the springs of Christian instruction by demanding that the teacher should profess and ever adhere to the previous faith or prejudices of his pupils. Do not judge character by opinions, and assume depravity in the one on the ground of error in the other. Do not uphold institutions and practices which legalise falsehood, that would be ridiculous, but that all falsehood is worse. Do not take the fact in the proverb for a precept: ‘It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way he boasteth.’ Do not countenance cant of any kind, interested or unmeaning, in any department,—literature, education, society. Do not praise or frighten, or suffer others to praise or frighten, your children out of the straightforward path. Heed your own example, both in its direct and indirect influence. Be true to yourself; to your inmost soul. Live in the conscious presence of the God of truth. These are the moral of my discourse—these are practical precepts—these are, I am sure, Christian precepts.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*A Lecture delivered over the remains of Jeremy Bentham, Esq., in the Webb-street School of Anatomy and Medicine, on the 9th of June, 1832.* By Southwood Smith, M.D. 8vo. pp. 73. Wilson.

SOME extracts from the MS. of this Lecture were given in our number for July. The whole of it is now before the public, with many amplifications and additional illustrations. It is a noble composition, and

merits the highest and most appropriate praise which can be bestowed upon it, viz.—that it is alike worthy of the object, the author, and the occasion on which it was delivered.

Other opportunities will, doubtless, arise for adverting to the political and moral principles of the great philosopher. We take advantage of that now afforded us for transferring to our pages Dr. S. Smith's outline of his private history and habits:—

'Jeremy Bentham was born at the residence of his father, adjacent to Aldgate church, in London, on the 15th of February, 1747-8, and died in Queen-square Place, Westminster, where he had resided nearly half a century, on the 6th of June, 1832, being in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was a precocious child. At the age of three years, he read Rapin's History of England as an amusement. At the age of five, he had acquired a knowledge of musical notes, and played on the violin. At the age of seven, he read *Télémaque* in French. At the age of eight, he entered Westminster School, where he soon became distinguished. At the age of thirteen, he was admitted a member of Queen's College, Oxford, where he at once engaged in public disputations in the Common Hall, and excited, by the acuteness of his observations, the precision of his terms, and the logical correctness of his inductions, the surprise and admiration of all who heard him. At the age of sixteen he took his degree of A.B.; and at the age of twenty that of A.M., being the youngest graduate that had at that time been known at either of the Universities. From early childhood, such was the contemplative turn of his mind, and the clearness and accuracy with which he observed whatever came under his notice, that at the age of five years he had already acquired the name of "the philosopher," being familiarly called so by the members of his family; and such, even in his youth, were the indications of that benevolence to which his manhood and his old age were consecrated, that a celebrated statesman, who at that period had conceived an affection for him, and with whom he spent most of his time during the interval of his leaving Westminster School and going to Oxford, speaks of him in a letter to his father, in these remarkable words,—"His disinterestedness, and his originality of character, refresh me as much as the country air does a London physician."

'The qualities which already formed the charm of his character, and which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, were truth and simplicity. Truth was deeply founded in his nature as a principle; it was devotedly pursued in his life as an object; it exercised, even in early youth, an extraordinary influence over the operations of his mind and the affections of his heart\*; and it was the source of that moral boldness, energy, and

\* 'Among other striking instances of this on record, the following example of it is related by himself:—"Of the University of Oxford I had not long been a member, when, by a decree of the Vice-Chancellor, in his court, five students were, under the name of Methodists, expelled from it. Heresy and frequentation of *conventicles* were the only offences charged upon them. Taking the word *conventicle* for the place of meeting, these conventicles were so many private rooms, the small apartments of the several poor students—for poor they were. The congregation consisted of these same poor and too pious students, with the occasional addition of one and the same ancient female. The offence consisted in neither more nor less than the reading and talking over the Bible. The heresy consisted in this, viz.: that upon being, by persons sent to examine them, questioned on the subject of



consistency, for which, from the period of manhood to the close of life, he was so distinguished. There was nothing in the entire range of

the Thirty-nine Church of England Articles, the sense which they put upon these articles was found to be in some instances different from the sense put upon those same articles by those their interrogators." After having forcibly depicted the iniquity of this sentence, he proceeds thus:—"By the sentence by which those readers of the Bible were thus expelled from the University, that affection which at its entrance had glowed with so sincere a fervour—my reverence for the Church of England, her doctrine, her discipline, her universities, her ordinances, was expelled from my youthful breast. I read the controversy—I studied it—and, with whatever reluctance, I could not but acknowledge the case to stand exactly as above. Not long after (for, at my entrance, that immaturity of age which had excused me from the obligation of signature, had excused me from the necessity of perjury), came the time for my attaching my signature to the *Thirty-nine Articles*. Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was, the declaring after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true; what seemed to me a matter of duty was, to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examination was unfortunate; in some of them, no meaning at all could I find; in others, no meaning but one, which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to Scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow-collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that among the Fellows of the College there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold; and the substance of it was,—that it was not for uninformed youths such as we, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and wisest men that ever lived. When, out of the multitude of his attendants, Jesus chose twelve for his apostles, by the men in office he was declared to be possessed by a devil; by his own friends, at the same time, he was set down for mad. The like fate, were my conscience to have showed itself more scrupulous than that of the official casuist, was before my eyes. Before the eyes of Jesus stood a comforter—his Father—an almighty one. Before my weak eyes stood no comforter. In *my* father, in whom in other cases I might have looked for a comforter, I saw nothing but a tormentor; by my ill-timed scruples and the public disgrace that would have been the consequence, his fondest hopes would have been blasted; the expenses he had bestowed upon my education, bestowed in vain. To him I durst not so much as confess those scruples. I signed; but, by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made as will never depart from me but with life."

'The difficulty which he thus felt in committing an act which, however sanctioned by custom, his conscience disapproved of, shows that the love of truth was beginning to occupy his mind; but the fact that he did commit an act not approved of by his conscience, proves that it had not taken full possession of his heart. At a maturer age, he would no more have committed such an act to gratify a father, than he would have murdered that father to become his heir.

'An anecdote, also related by himself, and which refers to a period that almost immediately succeeded the former, shows the further progress of this principle, in the shape of a settled and influential feeling of disinterestedness: it relates to the circumstance that led to his retirement from the bar. "By the command of a father I entered into the profession, and in the year 1772, or thereabouts, was called to the bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a Master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or so distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learnt afterwards was, that though no attendance more than *one* was ever bestowed, *three* were on every occasion regularly charged for; for each of the two falsely-pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee of 6s. 8d. paid by him to the Master: the consequence was, that, for every attendance, the Master, instead of 6s. 8d., received 17.; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that subordinate judge and his superiors. True it is, the solicitor is

physical, moral, or legislative science; nothing whatever relating to any class of subjects that could be presented to his understanding; nothing, however difficult other men thought it, or pretended to think it—or with whatever superstitious, political, or religious reverence and awe they regarded, or affected to regard it, which he did not approach without fear, to the very bottom of which he did not endeavour to penetrate; the mystery regarding which he did not strive to clear away; the real, the whole truth of which, he did not aim to bring to light. Nor was there any consideration—no, not even apparent danger to the cause he advocated, though, by the desertion of friends and

not under any *obligation* thus to charge his client for work not done. He is, however, sure of *indemnity* in doing so: it is accordingly done, of course..... These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so: I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

"In this resolution to retire at once from the practice of the profession, he was confirmed by his clear and strong perception of what the office of the barrister really is, of what his functions necessarily require, as the law of the land and the practice of the bar at present are, viz.: THE INDISCRIMINATE DEFENCE OF RIGHT AND WRONG, BY THE INDISCRIMINATE UTTERANCE OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. There is now a deep interest in tracing the workings of this same principle in his very first publication, with indications of which it abounds; and as an illustration of which, I quote the following passage from the *Fragment on Government*:—

"Perhaps a short sketch of the wanderings of a raw but well-intentioned mind, in its researches after moral truth, may on this occasion be not unuseful; for the history of one mind is the history of many. The writings of the honest but prejudiced Earl of Clarendon, to whose integrity nothing was wanting, and to whose wisdom little, but the fortune of living something later, and the contagion of a monkish atmosphere; these, and other concurrent causes, had listed my infant affections on the side of despotism. The genius of the place I dwelt in, the authority of the State, the voice of the Church in her solemn offices—all these taught me to call Charles a martyr, and his opponents rebels. I saw innovation, where indeed innovation, but a glorious innovation, was, in their efforts to withstand him. I saw falsehood, where indeed falsehood was, in their disavowals of innovation. I saw selfishness, and an obedience to the call of passion, in the efforts of the oppressed to rescue themselves from oppression. I saw strong countenance lent in the Sacred Writings to Monarchic Government, and none to any other; I saw *passive obedience* deep stamped with the seal of the Christian virtues of humility and self-denial.

"Conversing with lawyers, I found them full of the virtues of their original contract as a recipe of sovereign efficacy for reconciling the accidental necessity of resistance with the general duty of submission. This drug of theirs they administered to me to calm my scruples; but my unpractised stomach revolted against their opiate. I bid them open to me that page of history in which the solemnization of this important contract was recorded. They shrunk from this challenge; nor could they, when thus pressed, do otherwise than our author has done—confess the whole to be a fiction. This, methought, looked ill; it seemed to me the acknowledgment of a bad cause, the bringing a fiction to support it. 'To prove fiction, indeed,' said I, 'there is need of fiction; but it is the characteristic of truth to need no proof but truth. Have you, then, really any such privilege as that of coining facts? You are spending argument to no purpose. Indulge yourselves in the licence of supposing that to be true which is not, and as well may you suppose that proposition itself to be true which you wish to prove, as that other whereby you hope to prove it.' Thus continued I, unsatisfying and unsatisfied, till I learnt to see that *utility* was the test and measure of all virtue—of loyalty as much as any; and that the obligation to minister to general happiness was an obligation paramount to, and inclusive of, every other. Having thus got the instruction I stood in need of, I sat down to make my profit of it. I bid adieu to the original contract; and I left it to those to amuse themselves with this rattle, who could think they needed it."—*Fragm. on Government*, note, p. 47 *et seq.*



the clamour of foes, that cause might seem for a while to be put in jeopardy, that could induce him to conceal any conclusion at which he arrived, and of the correctness of which he was satisfied, or could prevent him from expressing it in the most appropriate language at his command. It was not possible to apply his principle to all the points and bearings of all the subjects included in the difficult and contested field of legislation, government, and morals; to apply it as he applied it, acutely, searchingly, profoundly, unflinchingly, without consequences at first view startling, if not appalling, to strong minds and stout hearts. They startled not, they appalled not him, mind or heart. He had confidence in his guide; he was satisfied that he might go with unfaltering step wherever it led; and with unfaltering step he did go wherever it led. Hence his singleness of purpose; hence, in all his voluminous writings,—in all the multiplicity of subjects which have come under his investigation, as well those which he has exhausted, as those which he has merely touched; as well those which are uncomplicated by sinister interests and the prejudices which grow out of them, as those which are associated with innumerable false judgments and wrong affections: hence, in regard to not one of them does a single case occur in which he has swerved from his principle, or faltered, or so much as shown the slightest indication of faltering in the application of it.

That he might be in the less danger of falling under the influence of any wrong bias, he kept himself as much as possible from all personal contact with what is called the world. Had he engaged in the active pursuits of life—money-getting, power-acquiring pursuits—he, like other men so engaged, must have had prejudices to humour, interests to conciliate, friends to serve, enemies to subdue; and, therefore, like other men under the influence of such motives, must sometimes have missed the truth, and sometimes have concealed or modified it. But he placed himself above all danger of this kind, by retiring from the practice of the profession for which he had been educated, and by living in a simple manner on a small income allowed him by his father: and when, by the death of his father, he at length came into the possession of a patrimony which secured him a moderate competence, from that moment he dismissed from his mind all further thought about his private fortune, and bent the whole powers of his mind without distraction to his legislative and moral labours. Nor was he less careful to keep his benevolent affections fervent, than his understanding free from wrong bias. He surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own, and whose sympathies he might direct to their appropriate objects in the active pursuits of life. Though he himself took no part in the actual business of legislation and government, yet, either by personal communication or confidential correspondence with them, he guided the minds of many of the most distinguished legislators and patriots, not only of his own country, but of all countries in both hemispheres. To frame weapons for the advocates of the reform of the institutions of his own country, was his daily occupation and his highest pleasure; and to him resorted, for counsel and encouragement, the most able and devoted of those advocates; while the patriots and philanthropists of Europe, as well as those of the New World, the countrymen of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, toge-

ther with the legislators and patriots of South America, speak of him as a tutelary spirit, and declare the practical application of his principles to be the object and end of their labours.

‘ While he availed himself of every means in his power of forming and cherishing a friendship with whoever in any country indicated remarkable benevolence; while Howard was his intimate friend—a friend delighted alike to find and to acknowledge in him a superior beneficent genius; while Romilly was not only the advocate of his opinions in the senate, but the affectionate and beloved disciple in private; while for the youth Lafayette, his junior contemporary, he conceived an affection which in the old age of both was beautiful for the freshness and ardour with which it continued to glow; while there was no name in any country known and dear to liberty and humanity which was not known and dear to him, and no person bearing such name that ever visited England who was not found at his social board, he would hold intercourse with none of any rank or fame whose distinction was unconnected with the promotion of human improvement, and much less whose distinction arose from the zeal and success with which they laboured to keep back improvement. That the current of his own benevolence might experience no interruption or disturbance, he uniformly avoided engaging in any personal controversy; he contended against principles and measures, not men; and for the like reason he abstained from reading the attacks made upon himself, so that the ridicule and scoffing, the invective and malignity, with which he was sometimes assailed, proved as harmless to him as to his cause. By the society he shunned, as well as by that which he sought, he endeavoured to render his social intercourse subservient to the cultivation, to the perpetual growth and activity, of his benevolent sympathies.

‘ With such care over his intellectual faculties and his moral affections, and with the exalted direction which he gave to both, his own happiness could not but be sure. Few human beings have enjoyed a greater portion of felicity; and such was the cheerfulness which this internal happiness gave to the expression of his countenance and the turn of his conversation, that few persons ever spent an evening in his society, however themselves favoured by fortune, who did not depart with the feeling of satisfaction at having beheld such an object of emulation. Even in his writings, in the midst of profound and comprehensive views, there oftentimes break forth a sportiveness and humour no less indicative of gaiety of heart, than the most elaborate and original of his investigations are of a master-mind \*: but this

\* ‘ The following passage is not the best illustration of this which might be given, but it is one which happens to be at hand. In his “Deontology” (private), in speaking of the manner in which philosophers and moralists have allowed themselves to be deceived by the cheat of words, and have endeavoured to impose the same cheat upon others, he adverts to the *Summum Bonum*, that ancient cheat of the first magnitude, in these words:—

“ In what does the *summum bonum* consist? The question was debated by multitudes, debated from generation to generation, by men calling themselves lovers of wisdom—called by others *wise*.

“ The *summum bonum*, in what does it consist? What does the term signify?—Nonsense, and nothing more.

“ The *summum bonum*—the sovereign good—what is it? The philosopher’s stone, that converts all metals into gold—the elixir of life, that cures all manner



gaiety was characteristic of his conversation, in which he seldom alluded, except in a playful manner, to the great subjects of his labours. A child-like simplicity of manner, combined with a continual playfulness of wit, made you forget that you were in the presence of the most acute and penetrating genius; made you conscious only that you were in the presence of the most innocent and gentle, the most consciously and singularly happy of human beings. And from this the true source of politeness, a benevolent and happy mind, endeavouring to communicate the pleasure of which it is itself conscious, flowed those unobtrusive, but not the less real and observant, attentions of which every guest perceived the grace and felt the charm. For the pleasures of the social board he had a relish as sincere, and perhaps as acute, as those who are capable of enjoying no others; and he partook of them freely, as far as they are capable of affording

of diseases. It is this thing, and that thing, and the other thing—it is anything but pleasure—it is the Irishman's apple-pie, made of nothing but quinces.

“If it were anything, what would it be? Could it be anything but pleasure; a pleasure, or the cause of pleasure; supreme pleasure—pleasure without pain—happiness maximised? What fool has there ever been so foolish as not to know, that by no man—in no time—at no place—has such a pleasure been found?

“In every walk of discipline, error is a sort of vestibule, through which men are condemned to pass in their approaches towards truth.

“While Xenophon was writing history, and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense, under pretence of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words—this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience.

“The people were contented to reap common pleasures under the guidance of common sense. They were called ignorant and the vulgar herd, yet they crowded into their existence a balance of well-being, and most of them every now and then a portion of happiness; well-being their ordinary fare—happiness, a slight taste of it, for an occasional feast. This was good enough for the ignorant vulgar; not so for the learned sages—men who, by whatever name they called their own sageships, were called by others wisest of men (*σοφισται*), wise men (*σοφοι*), or lovers of wisdom (*φιλοσοφοι*)—holding their heads aloft, and pouring forth their streams of sophistry.

“To the profane vulgar they left the enjoyment of any such pleasures as might fall in their way; for their own disciples they reserved a thing, a beautiful thing, which they called *το πιστον αγαθον*, the *summum bonum*, the sovereign good. What was it? Was it pleasure? Oh no! pleasure was not good enough for them; it was something better than pleasure—and it could not be better without being different from it.

“Now, had their practice been what their preaching was, it could only have been said that they resembled the dog who, snapping at the shadow, lost the substance. But theirs was no such folly: pleasure was good for one thing, *summum bonum* for another; pleasure was to be enjoyed, *summum bonum* to be talked of. While they were all of them chattering about *summum bonum*, each was amusing himself with his *παιδικας*. \* \* \*

“It is as amusing to look at some of the contests among men called sages, as it is instructive to trace their results. While, in later times, a set of physical philosophers were hunting for the universal panacea, the moral philosophers were running after their *summum bonum*; excellent objects both, and all agreed that both were in existence—both were findable—but they did not agree as to where they are to be found.

“The idea of good, said one, there it is—there the *summum bonum* is to be found. Catch the idea of good, and you have caught the *summum bonum*. And now, having caught it, are you a bit the happier—are you, with your *summum bonum*, happier than the happiest of men who has not got it? But when you have got it, what will you do with it? You need not perplex yourself with the question—it is time enough to know when you have managed to get it.”—*Deontology*.

their appropriate good, without any admixture of the evils which an excessive indulgence in them is sure to bring. After dinner it was his custom to enter with his disciple or friend (for seldom more than one, and never more than two, dined with him on the same day) on the discussion of the subject, whatever it might be, which had brought them together; and it was at this time also, that, in the form of dictation, in relation to those subjects which admit of this mode of composition, his disciple writing down his words as he uttered them, he treated of some of the subjects which have occupied his closest attention, and in the investigation of which he has displayed the greatest degree of originality and invention. In this manner was composed the greatest part of the 'Deontology,' and nearly the whole of his 'Autobiography.' At all times it was a fine exercise of the understanding, and sometimes an exquisite gratification of the noblest and best feelings of the heart, to be engaged in this service.

'He was capable of great severity and continuity of mental labour. For upwards of half a century he devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day, to intense study. This was the more remarkable, as his physical constitution was by no means strong. His health, during the periods of childhood, youth, and adolescence, was infirm; it was not until the age of manhood that it acquired some degree of vigour: but that vigour increased with advancing age, so that during the space of sixty years he never laboured under any serious malady, and rarely suffered even from slight indisposition; and at the age of eighty-four he looked no older, and constitutionally was not older, than most men are at sixty\*; thus adding another illustrious name to the splendid catalogue which establishes the fact, that severe and constant mental labour is not incompatible with health and longevity, but conducive to both, provided the mind be unanxious and the habits temperate.

'He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labour and repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle, that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He did not deem it sufficient to provide against the loss of a day or an hour: he took effectual means to prevent the occurrence of any such calamity to him; but he did more: he was careful to provide against the loss even of a single minute; and there is on record no example of a human being who lived more habitually under the practical consciousness that his days are numbered, and that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

'The last days of the life even of an ordinary human being are seldom altogether destitute of interest; but when exalted wisdom and goodness have excited a high degree of admiration and love, the heart delights to treasure up every feeling then elicited, and every word in which that feeling was expressed. It had long been his wish that I should be present with him during his last illness. There seemed to be on his mind an apprehension, that, among the organic changes which gradually take place in the corporeal system in extreme old

\* The morbid changes observable in the body after death coincided with this. The state of the blood-vessels and of the viscera was that of a man of sixty years of age, rather than of eighty-five.



age, it might be his lot to labour under some one, the result of which might be great and long-continued suffering. In this case, he knew that I should do everything in my power to diminish pain and to render death easy; the contributing to the *euthanasia* forming, in my opinion, as he knew, no unimportant part of the duty of the physician. On the possible protraction of life, with the failure of the intellectual powers, he could not think without great pain; but it was only during his last illness, that is, a few weeks before his death, that any apprehension of either of those evils occurred to him. From the former he suffered nothing; and from the latter, as little as can well be, unless when death is instantaneous. The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind, when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow that he was allowed to do no more: but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

‘The last subject on which he conversed with me, and the last office in which he employed me, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed in some degree to his personal comfort; and I was deeply impressed and affected by the contrast this brought to my view, between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full.

‘Among the very last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—“I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, some how or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the prospect of whose sufferings would to me be a pleasurable one: no man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings would not to me be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy!”

‘And this “force of sympathy” governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him:—“I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimise the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: *you* will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount.”

‘Such were his last thoughts and feelings; so perfectly, so beautifully did he illustrate, in his own example, what it was the labour of his life to make others!’

*Vortigern; an Historical Play, with an Original Preface.* By W. H. Ireland. Represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 2, 1796, as a supposed newly-discovered drama of Shakspeare. London. Thomas, 1832.

THE 'Shakspeare Forgeries' made some noise in their day, and it seems they have never been wholly forgotten, for repeated applications for the dramas of *Vortigern* and *Rowena*, and of *Henry the Second*, have led Mr. Ireland to their republication. Of the former, which is now before us, we can only say that it is very well for a boy of seventeen, but has nothing in it of the soul of Chatterton. The only interest which it excites is that arising from the temporary success of the forgery, from its having imposed on such men as Chalmers, Dr. Warton, and Dr. Parr. So much for the influence of classical scholarship upon poetical taste and judgment. It was not so easy to hoax the old pittites of Drury—they had an instinct such as the word-mongery which has passed for learning never generated. The discovery of the forgery was an humiliation to many persons which they seem never to have forgotten or forgiven. Mr. Ireland thinks that it is time for his juvenile offence to be pardoned. He made full confession, in an octavo volume, a few years afterwards, chiefly for the purpose of vindicating his father, whose utter unconsciousness of the fraud he again solemnly affirms; and he now offers some remarks, not so much to vindicate himself, as in palliation. The history is curious.

'My father (Mr. Samuel Ireland), a gentleman gifted with the most open heart and liberal sentiments, chanced, like many others, to be enamoured of the fine arts and vertu; his assortment of pictures, prints, and drawings, was universally extolled; his library well selected; and, above all, his collection of Hogarth's works (not even excepting that of his noble competitor for mastery, the late Earl of Exeter) was not to be surpassed. Among the strongest of his predilections, my father entertained an unbounded enthusiasm for the writings of Shakspeare: four days, at least, out of the seven, the beauties of our divine dramatist became his theme of conversation after dinner; while, in the evening, still further to impress the subject upon the minds of myself and sisters, certain plays were selected, and a part allotted to each, in order that we might read aloud, and thereby acquire a knowledge of the delivery of blank verse articulately, and with proper emphasis. The comments to which these rehearsals (if I may be permitted so to call them) gave rise, were of a nature to elicit, in all its bearings, the enthusiasm entertained by my father for the bard of Avon—with him Shakspeare was no mortal, but a divinity; and frequently, while expatiating upon this subject, impregnated with all the fervour of Garrick, with whom he had been on intimate terms, my father would declare that, to possess a single vestige of the poet's hand-writing would be esteemed a gem beyond all price, and far dearer to him than his whole collection. At these conversations I was uniformly present, swallowing with avidity the honied poison; when, by way of completing this infatuation, my father, who had already produced Picturesque Tours of some of the British rivers, determined on commencing that of the Avon; and I was selected



as the companion of his journey. Of course, no inquiries were spared, either at Stratford or in the neighbourhood, respecting the mighty poet. Every legendary tale, recorded anecdote, or traditionary account, was treasured up; in short, the name of Shakspeare ushered in the dawn, and a bumper, quaffed to his immortal memory at night, sealed up our weary eyelids in repose.

‘We now approach the grand *denouement*. Having supplied himself with sketches and notes for his Tour, my father returned to town; about two years prior to which I had commenced a course of studies, to enable me to enter as a practitioner at the Chancery Bar. I will not take upon myself to determine whether nature ever gifted me with a dawning of talent for poetry, or whether I possessed a mere facility at imitation; but the reiterated eulogies rung in my ears respecting Shakspeare—my father’s enthusiasm—and, above all, the incessant remark, upon his part, that to possess even a signature of the bard would make him the happiest of human beings—irrevocably sealed my destiny.

‘Being in a conveyancer’s office, and environed by old deeds, the silly idea struck me of investigating numerous bundles of law documents, in the hope that I might find some instrument signed by Shakspeare; which labour, of course, proving abortive, I had recourse to a dealer in old parchments, whose shop I frequented for weeks, under the same fallacious impression; when, finding all to no purpose, then it was (as a German amalgamator of the horrific would assert) that the demon seized his opportunity to place temptation in my way. In fine, wearied by the fruitless toil, in an evil moment, the idea first seized me of the possibility of producing a spurious imitation of Shakspeare’s autograph; when, without reflection, having supplied myself with a tracing of the poet’s signature, I wrote a mortgage deed, imitating the law-hand of James the First, and affixed thereto the sign-manual of Shakspeare. The instrument in question was shown, accredited in all directions, and my father rendered happy; when, without a thought of anything further, I conceived myself amply recompensed in having been the instrument of producing so much felicity.

‘Let me now inquire of the reader whether he traces, to the above period, any great mental delinquency in my proceedings? Was I biassed by selfish motives, or could I be charged with anything but the thoughtless impulse of a headstrong youth, under seventeen years of age, whose only aim was to afford pleasure to a parent? Falsehood, though trivial, is, however, the first step to crime; and although mine was not of a very heinous nature, the sequel will develop what important and injurious consequences may result from a first departure from veracity.

‘For some days this mortgage deed, purporting to be between Shakspeare and one Michael Frazer and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries and Shaksperian enthusiasts; when, on a sudden, the question was started concerning where the deed had been found. I was, of course, appealed to; and never having once dreamed of such a question, it was on that occasion the first serious difficulty presented itself to my imagination. *Fallacia alia aliam trudit.* The tale resorted to was as simple as possible,—namely, that

I had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of ancient family, possessed of a mass of deeds and papers relating to his ancestors, who, finding me very partial to the examination of old documents, had permitted me to inspect them; that, shortly after commencing my search, the mortgage deed in question had fallen into my hands, which had been presented to me by the proprietor. I added, that the personage alluded to, well aware the name of Shakspeare must create a considerable sensation, and being a very retiring and diffident man, had bound me, by a solemn engagement, never to divulge his name. Such was the manner in which I accounted for becoming possessed of the deed, sincerely trusting that the matter would thenceforward remain buried in eternal oblivion. Your German writer of the marvellous would exclaim—"No, no! it was then too late: you had fallen into the demon's snare—was spell-bound—within the vortex of his machinations, and incapable of extricating yourself from the impending fate that awaited you:" be this as it may, I was not permitted to continue passive. The late Honourable Mr. Byng, afterwards Lord Torrington; Sir Frederick Eden, Bart.; and a long string of persons, whose names it would be superfluous to annex, gave it as their decided opinions, *that wheresoever I had found the deed, there, no doubt, the mass of papers existed which had been so long and vainly sought after by the numerous commentators upon Shakspeare.* These assertions, incessantly dinning into my father's ears, were retailed to me with increased vehemence. I was sometimes supplicated, at others commanded to resume my search among my supposed friend's papers, and not unfrequently taunted as being an absolute idiot for suffering such a brilliant opportunity to escape me. Thus circumstanced, I knew not how to act, and cursed the first precipitate measure I had adopted; while, at every meal, when I presented myself, the same alarum was rung in my ears, so that no alternative remained but to attempt something further, or be regarded in the light of a downright fool, not only by my father, but by the numerous personages who had inspected and placed confidence in the mortgage deed. My evil genius predominated: I penned a few letters, and "The Profession of Faith," all of which passed muster; although, in many instances, *the documents produced as two hundred years old, had not been fabricated many hours previous to their production.* For a detailed account of all these forgeries I refer the reader to my "Confessions," before adverted to; having merely to add, that I ultimately announced the existence of a drama, being guided in this, as in former instances, by the same thoughtless impetuosity: for it will scarcely be credited that, on hazarding such a bold statement, I literally had never essayed my pen at poetical composition, and had not penned one line of the play which I purposed producing, being no other than the present drama of *Vortigern and Rowena*. Prior to the completion of this piece, the fame of my various fabrications had resounded from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; and, on the completion of the undertaking, strenuous applications were made by the late Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, who, in order to possess the play, forwarded a *carte blanche* (by Mr. Wallace, father of the then highly-esteemed actress of that name) to Mr. Samuel Ireland, with which, had my father acquiesced, as that theatre was favoured by the King



and the Court, there would have been great probability of its success: however, a long intimacy with the Sheridan and Linley families, turned the scale in favour of Drury Lane, where it was subsequently represented.'

It never could, we think, have succeeded. About this time Mr. Malone attacked the authenticity of the papers, and the bubble soon burst. But it still serves 'to point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

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*The Main Principles of the Creed and Ethics of the Jews, exhibited in Selections from the Yad Hachazakah of Maimonides; with a literal English Translation, &c. &c.* By Hermann Hedwig Bernard. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THERE should be literal translations from the great Maimonides into every tongue that is spoken in the civilized world, in order that the many, who cannot read him in the original, may have an opportunity of knowing what comes of mixing up the dreams of an unbased philosophy with the plain truths of a popular revelation; and of constructing an inferential system of belief and morals out of explicit details which were final in their purpose. Neither error was confined to the Jewish doctors: the Christian Fathers philosophized quite as perniciously as they on body and soul, the four elements, the nature and capacities of angels, &c.; and were very expert at confounding grand principles and trifling details. But the Jewish doctors were as much worse than the Christian, as their theology presented them with fewer principles and more details: so that, while the Christians were only wasting their time and talents on 'words without knowledge,' and mixing up extraneous matter with their theology, the Jews were making their theology the root from which has branched out a corrupt creed, and a mean and imperfect system of morals. Their wisest men are now engaged in pruning away this false growth; but much more lopping will be required before the vine of Judah can bear its genuine and immortal fruit.

We give a specimen of natural philosophy, drawn from the Bible, and consecrated to theology.

'All the planets and orbs are beings possessed of soul, mind, and understanding. Moreover, they are alive, they exist, and know Him who spake, and the universe existed. All of them, in proportion to their magnitude and to their degree, praise and glorify their Creator, just as the angels do; and in the same way as they know the Holy One (blessed be He!), so do they also know themselves; they also know the angels that are above them. Now the knowledge of the planets and of the orbs is less than the knowledge of the angels, yet it is greater than the knowledge of the sons of men.'—p. 97.

The following is a curious specimen of moral computation:—

'At the time when the wicked deeds of a man are balanced against his good deeds, neither the first sin which he committed, nor the second, is reckoned; but his sins are reckoned from the third only, and onward. If his wicked deeds, reckoning from the third and onward, are found to amount to more than his good deeds, then those two sins which were not reckoned at first are added, and he becomes account-

able for the whole amount ; but if his good deeds are found to come up to the amount of his wicked deeds, reckoning from the third sin and onward, then all his sins are taken off one by one ; because, then, in consequence of the first two sins having already been pardoned, the third sin is considered as though it were the first. Also with regard to the fourth sin ; behold ! this, too, in its turn, becomes the first, in consequence of the third having already been pardoned. And so the sins are taken off, one by one, to the very last.'—p. 237.

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*Christianity, Universal Liberty ; a Thanksgiving Sermon on the passing of the Reform Bills.* By George Harris. Glasgow.

THE spirit of this Sermon is most appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Harris thanks Providence like a man, and not like a sycophant—like a freeman, and not like a slave. His description of that love of liberty, which is his own cherished inheritance, is interesting and impressive: his anticipations are glowing yet rational, and imply the best admonitions and incitements. And we were especially pleased with that genuine gratitude which looks to the former labourers, confessors, and martyrs in the cause of Reform,—men of whom the world was not worthy, and whom the world too easily forgets, even while reaping the harvest of which they sowed the seed in toil and tears. Hallowed should their memories be in the day of triumph ; and anxious should be the endeavour of those who have sat at their feet to render the reform law subservient to the dissemination and practical adoption of the principles of reform,—those principles by which alone the community can be rendered permanently free, prosperous, and happy.

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*Devotional Exercises, consisting of Reflections and Prayers, for the Use of young Persons. To which is added, a Guide to the Study of the Scriptures.* By Harriet Martineau. 3d edition ; 2s. 6d.

A CONTINUED demand, after the sale of two editions, has been very properly felt by Miss Martineau as a call upon her, on the part of the public, for the republication of this, her first work. She is right in complying with that call, for though she does nothing thereby for the literary reputation which she has since achieved, she yet sustains her usefulness in the field of her early labours. Nor is this little manual of youthful devotion unworthy of her pen. Experience has widely confirmed its fitness and utility, and stamped on it a recommendation more potent than we can give, or than it derives from her own avowal of its authorship. May it continue to nourish in young hearts the devout affections !

The Guide to the Study of the Scriptures is a valuable addition (or substitution rather, as it comes in place of an essay on the Lord's Supper). It bears marks of the writer's matured mind and power. Paley observed, that 'in discoursing to young minds upon topics of morality, it required much more pains to make them perceive the difficulty than to understand the solution.' Something of the same kind obtains too commonly in the reading of the Scriptures. Many are quite unaware how little they understand of what they read, and how much their comprehension might be extended. As the Methodist



hymn says—‘ We want our wants to know ; we want our wants to feel.’ In the following illustration, the evil and the remedy are both felicitously indicated :—

‘ If the teachers of a large school, in some place where Christianity had never been heard of, were anxious to provide instruction for their pupils, and thought that the Greeks were the wisest people that ever lived, and their books the most valuable that could be collected ; if they accordingly set about collecting all that they could get hold of that was written by Greeks, and for the sake of convenience bound up the whole in one volume, that volume would be somewhat like our Bible. The most valuable part of it would be the history of the life and death of Socrates, accompanied by accounts of his lectures and private teachings, and familiar conversations. There would be besides a pretty full account of his principal followers, and the letters they wrote on the subject of Socrates, and reports of their methods of learning during his life, and of teaching after his death. There would also be accounts of other instructors who had lived at various periods before him. There would be several histories of Greece in different ages, and in the different circumstances through which its inhabitants had passed ; at one time they might appear a nation of barbarians, at another of heroes and philosophers ; they would have one kind of government in one age, and another in another ; now they would appear as conquerors in war and princes in peace, and now overcome, and oppressed and humbled. Mingled with these different histories, there would be poems, some long, some short ; epic poems, hymns, songs, and fables. They would contain traditions about the origin of the Grecian empire, narratives, some true and some fictitious, about good and bad men, triumphal verses to celebrate victories, and lamentations for defeat. Now if the children in this school had such a book put into their hands, with no further explanation than that they were to study it diligently, and learn as much out of it as they could, they might read it all their lives, and get but a very imperfect notion of what it really was. They would not know what happened at one time and what at another, how many of the events related really took place, and where, and why. They might store their memories with beautiful tales, or take to heart much valuable instruction, and follow the advice of Socrates as much as they could ; but they would be much perplexed at little things, at every page, and might make tremendous mistakes about matters of more consequence, for want of information which ought to have been given them from the beginning, or which they should have been put in the way of finding for themselves. There would be little use in telling them that they might discover all they wanted to learn in the book itself, unless they were shown how. They would not know where to begin or how to proceed ; but if any person should once give them a hint to try to find out how long Socrates lived, how many years in private, and how many years as a public teacher ; if any one brought a map into the school, and pointed out the boundaries of the Grecian empire in different ages, and where the various philosophers were born, and how far they travelled ; on what mountains armies were collected ; on what plains battles were fought ; if another teacher displayed pictures of the temples where the philosophers taught, and the gardens where they reposed themselves ; if another instructed the pupils how to

distinguish poetry from prose, fable from history; if another produced annals of different countries in order to compare dates and events, and find out how long the Grecian empire lasted,—the whole school would be in the way to understand what they were studying, to keep clear of mistakes, and to profit duly by the contents of each portion of the volume. Many who had become tired of hearing particular parts read very often, would now find that there was much more in these very parts than they had been aware of. Many who had found it a dull duty to spend half an hour a-day in reading this book, beginning anywhere as it might happen to open, would now enjoy hour after hour of study; comparing one part with another when they had a point to make out, finding some beautiful meaning in what had before been a mere jumble of words, and perceiving the reasonableness of many instructions which had once appeared wrong or absurd.'—pp. 100, 103.

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*The Four Gospels in Greek, for the Use of Schools.* John Taylor, Upper Gower-street, 1832.

GRIESBACH's text is used in this edition, its variations from that of Mill being particularly marked. There are copious references to parallel passages, in which, by a simple notation, those which only serve for verbal illustration are distinguished from those which furnish narrative harmonies. We are much pleased with, and heartily recommend this work, which amply fulfils the desire of the editor to unite 'usefulness, cheapness, and beauty of execution.'

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*The Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, No. 1, for October.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

A SIXPENNY periodical, to be continued monthly, and which, so far as we can judge by this specimen, will deserve success. It should rather, we think, have been called the Child's Cabinet, as it is adapted for direct juvenile use, and requires neither explanation nor interposition on the part of the parent. Its contents are to consist of familiar descriptions of the objects that daily surround children in the parlour, nursery, garden, &c.; stories, original and translated; biography, historical notices, travels, natural history, and 'cheerful and pleasing rhymes.' Moreover 'each number will contain matter suitable to two or three different ages;' and 'it is particularly the wish of the conductors to excite the power of observation, and for that purpose those objects in natural history, which usually surround children in the garden or field, will be more particularly pointed out.' Neat woodcuts are liberally interspersed; and altogether this publication bids fair well to supply a want which has been much felt. The present number contains 'Brave Bobby,' a capital story of a dog; 'A Walk in the Garden after a Shower;' and an easy versification of the fable of the 'Disobedient Hedgehog.' We have on this, as occasionally before, with publications of a similar description, fortified our own judgment by sending the book for trial to a jury of juveniles, who have returned a favourable verdict.